

The Nation.

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The Week.

The mounting enthusiasm among Democrats for Bryan, with the prospect of his nomination for the Presidency in 1908, should be furnishing Mr. Roosevelt and other Republican leaders "food for thought." A good mouthful was certainly tendered them by the declaration of the Indiana Democratic Convention on Thursday in favor of "that wise and conservative statesman, William Jennings Bryan." "Conservative" in comparison with whom? That is the question for Republicans to chew upon. Who is it that has made the firebrand of 1896 seem a cautious and steady man in 1906? All answers, as the advertisements say, should be addressed to the White House, Washington, D. C. Mr. Bryan's popularity and swelling political support supply food for thought also to William Randolph Hearst's paid manipulators. That they are thinking about this, in their fashion, appears from their careful hiding away of the facts in obscure corners of the Hearst newspapers. Perhaps the men who are tapping that ample purse feel that it would never do to let its owner discover that there is any way to secure delegates except to go out and buy them. Or it may occur to them that the peculiar audience before which they are every day "throwing fits," must not be allowed to know that a distant leader, who has pronounced against Socialism, is winning away the Democratic heart from the only man who has a full assortment of Socialistic nostrums in his pocket or up his sleeve. Be this as it may, it is not a bad thing to see that the mass of Democrats still prefer to be led by a man who has brains (his own, not hired) and character.

The burning issue which has been raised over the President's railway fare seems likely to be settled in a common-sense way by having the Senate put a \$25,000 item for travelling expenses into the Sundry Civil bill. In that event the House conferees are hardly likely to stand out against it. There is nothing complicated about this question, nor very much excuse for a difference of opinion. The President, if for no other reason than self-protection, has a right to travel with somewhat more of comfort and privacy than the less conspicuous citizen. Most, if not all, of our Presidents have in the past accepted special trains from the railroads (which were glad to offer them) without feeling that they incurred the slightest obligation in so doing. Now that the feeling

has grown throughout the country that the chief executive ought to be under obligation to no private or corporate interest, Congress has wisely declared against his acceptance of free transportation in the future. If it meant to circumscribe his travelling, it should have declared so specifically; but, since it did not do so, common sense and justice demand that he have a travelling allowance. As one Congressman said, "it is not proposed to increase the President's compensation, but to prevent its reduction." It is absurd, to be sure, to say that the country requires its President to live on \$50,000. He receives also an establishment costing several times as much. But certainly no economy justifies niggardly treatment of the head of the nation.

The need for the new naturalization law which was passed by the House on Tuesday week is concisely expressed in the statement that, while all the conditions of immigration and citizenship have changed radically since 1802, the naturalization law has not been reformed since that year. Congress has never exercised its specifically granted power to promulgate a uniform rule of naturalization. The House bill is drawn in accordance with the general recommendations of the commission appointed by the President last year to investigate this subject, but does not follow it in details. Its method of preventing citizenship frauds is, essentially, the establishment of a central bureau at Washington in which a duplicate copy of every application for citizenship shall be filed and be compared with the data furnished by the applicant to the immigration authorities on his arrival in this country. Our Government already has such data on file for all arrivals since 1900, but the House amended the bill so that it should apply only to foreigners arriving after its passage. It may be noted that the House retained the system of "first papers" or "declaration of intention" for aliens. The commission found that this did not furnish any adequate safeguard against fraud, and one of the most plausible reasons for retaining it is that a number of States allow residents to vote on their "first papers," and would have to amend their laws if these certificates should be abolished outright.

Aside from the inevitable criticism that national control of this subject meant the creation of another huge and expensive bureau at Washington, the chief objection made to the bill was that, since immigrants are bound to keep on coming, putting up the standards of citizenship would leave great numbers of

arriving foreigners practically without a country. As Bourke Cockran eloquently phrased it: "I consider such a deliberate creation of a large alien class in the heart of our population a vicious departure from the liberal and distinctive American policy of a century, which up to the present has been fruitful of nothing but benefit." The greater part of arriving immigrants to this country undoubtedly want to become American citizens, and the requirement of some knowledge of English as a condition precedent would, of course, be a strong inducement for foreigners to learn our language. There are, to be sure, some cases in which the new law would seem a hardship. The Swede, described by one Western Congressman, who files a homestead claim, and must live on his land to take title, thus putting him out of the way of picking up English speech, is still a desirable citizen, and much better qualified to vote than many who can meet the requirements of the new bill. Yet it is not altogether a bad thing to make American citizenship a prize worth striving for, and we shall at least be saved the spectacle of our warships dispatched to protect the rights of "Americans" who never belonged in fact to this country, or who secured their papers through fraud.

Whether the bill to amend and consolidate the acts respecting copyright can be got through Congress at this session, we do not know, but we hope so. The bill represents a vast amount of labor. It is, in the main, a codification of existing statutes. Merely as such, it would be highly useful. But it also contains some amendments. It changes the period during which copyright may run, providing three terms according to subject-matter. It makes, too, some relaxation of our stupidity in the matter of copyright. It embodies, for example, the new *ad-interim* copyright for foreigners, good for two years in the case of a book printed abroad in a foreign language. Far short of going over to the Berne Convention, which our labor unions will not let Congress do, this is yet an enlightened step forward. Of course, the Typographical Union still insists that permanent copyright of books printed in English shall be granted only when the type is set in this country. The lithographers also made a gallant stand for American lithography for Americans, but finally relented so far as to except lithographs "where the subjects represented are located in a foreign country." This was really handsome of them, for they might have demanded, in case (say) a lithograph illustration of St. Sophia were wanted for a book of trav-

els, that a carefully protected American workman be sent over to do the work.

An infallible "Government," in the person of Mr. Neill, got some rude blows in the cross-examination by the House Committee on Thursday. He had positively asserted the employment of tuberculous workmen in the packing houses; how did he know? "I thought so," answered this personification of Government. He had been told so by doctors. "The fact was established to my own mind," he added. "I can only say that I believe it." He had also charged that the employees were infected with other diseases; what ones? "I am not willing to state." Finally, however, came the proof: "There were smells of medicine on these men that you get in dispensaries for certain diseases"! In some other respects, a "Government" which cannot be mistaken fared badly at the hands of searching inquirers. Representative Henry of Connecticut made a gallant attempt to stay this terrible *lèse majesté*. He reminded the Committee that the report which was being so roughly handled came, not simply from Mr. Neill, but "directly from the President," and that, in his opinion, it was "highly discourteous to question it." We wish that newspapers could thus "establish" facts on their say-so, and then have all dissent treated as treason.

Friends of the Indian are becoming more and more practical in their efforts to aid the reservation dwellers. The latest report of the Indian Industries League, formed to encourage home industries and self-support among the more backward tribes, is in strong contrast to those old sentimental appeals that called upon the civilized world to rise up in protest against the wrongs suffered by our red brothers. Where nothing but stern justice was once demanded, the League now asks funds to teach the Navajos to cleanse their wool before weaving it into blankets, and to vary the size of their woven rugs. The Pueblos are to be taught that glazed pottery has a better sale in New York than the old kind, and that it can be shipped more successfully. In the League's memorial to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs and Congress concerning the Campos and other Mission Indians of California, it is recommended that a number of arable ranches adjoining the reservation be bought and prepared for Indian occupancy. "The crime of the century," the ruthless pushing of these non-resistant tribes out upon the desert by crowding whites, is mentioned without excessive heat. Tools, tubs, spinning-wheels; tips on the blanket, basket, and lace market; a job for the Indian man near his home—these are some of the prosaic, specific things that have distracted the practical Yankee's

attention from his national dishonor. It is a work of repentance in which he ought willingly to join.

Nineteen years ago, on receiving the nomination of the Democrats of Maryland as Attorney-General of his State, ex-Gov. William Pinkney Whyte said: "The Attorney-Generalship would be an excellent way for me to close my public career." Mr. Whyte was then a youth of sixty-three. At the expiration of his term in 1891 he retired to practise law and enjoy his reputation as Maryland's most distinguished citizen. His choice now by Gov. Warfield as Gorman's successor in the United States Senate is an admission that even at eighty-two Mr. Whyte is still the State's foremost Democrat. If the new appointee lives to complete his term, in 1909, his public career will have extended over sixty-two years, for he first went to the Maryland Legislature in 1847. His first appearance in the Senate, when he was appointed by Gov. Swann to the seat made vacant by the resignation of Reverdy Johnson, was in 1868. A term as Governor, a full term as United States Senator, and two years as Mayor of Baltimore preceded his election to the Attorney-Generalship in 1887. If, as "Mr. Dooley" asserted, "th' enthralment of Beveridge into th' Senate at th' age of six reduced th' average age of that body to 92," Mr. Whyte's reappearance will help to restore the former impression of maturity. Still, he is nearly two months younger than Senator Morgan, and more than three years younger than Senator Pettus—Alabama's two wise counsellors who blithely talk of reelection in 1907 and 1909, respectively. Dr. Osler has evidently left Maryland for good.

The elimination of Addicks in Delaware has long been regarded as certain, but it is a comfort nevertheless to record his final defeat in the Republican caucus on Monday night. The State is to have two Senators again, and Addicks is not to be one of them. Thus the long assault of the most notorious and despised corruptionist of his day is at last beaten off. His audacity, his resources, his energy threatened to succeed; and for a time even President Roosevelt was ready to accept him on the ground that he was one of the men who "do things"—for example, by corruption eat out the belly of the Republican machine and thrust himself in the carcass. But they now have the satisfaction of knowing that their determined resistance has put a negative upon the schemes of one whose election would have disgraced Delaware by sending to the Senate a member at whom even Platt would have looked askance, and in whose presence all decent Senators would have had a feeling of nausea.

The old "Hail! Hail! the gang's all here," was heard at Harrisburg on June 6 when the "Regular" Republicans, led by Senator Penrose, nominated a State ticket. By naming as its candidate for Governor Edwin S. Stuart, who served as Mayor of Philadelphia from 1891 to 1895, the convention put on the cloak of respectability so far as Philadelphia is concerned. Mr. Stuart is a genial, staid, and popular man, who has a talent for being on every side of every question in order to avoid trouble. But the president of the Union League Club of Philadelphia is no such large figure of virtue that he can make the State believe that the Penrose organization wants to reform. The head of the Lincoln Party ticket has already notified his backers that he does not propose to withdraw voluntarily from the race. What some enthusiastic Lincolmites propose is to substitute the name of Mayor Weaver for that of Lewis Emery, jr., and fight the organization to the end. But it is more than probable that if the Democrats nominate State Treasurer Berry, who has already been chosen by the Prohibitionists, the reform Republicans will flock to his support. Then the unpartisan verdict of last fall's State election may be emphasized by his election as Governor.

An element of burlesque was introduced into the Harrisburg Convention when the "war-horses" of Pennsylvania Republican politics grew enthusiastic over those planks in the platform that applauded President Roosevelt's "regulating" policy, and denounced corporation rule in the State. Here were men like "Dave" Martin, "Jim" McNichol, Lane, and Miles, who for twenty years have lived and fattened on corporation "graft," hotly demanding a State commission to regulate transportation companies, asking for a two-cents-a-mile fare, calling for limited franchises, endorsing the request of the trolley companies to be allowed to carry freight, and ending with an oath of allegiance to the principle of the "square deal." The comedy was emphasized by wordy and fulsome praise of the Pennypacker Administration, and a declaration of standpattism that would have delighted Secretary Shaw. The platform makes admirable reading for those who, like Mr. Chesterton, delight in bringing logic out of obvious paradoxes.

Few will take seriously the petition for Mr. Jerome's removal from office, but many will regret that he had not refused in advance the charge that contributions to his campaign last year have stayed his hand in the prosecution of corporation delinquents. There was abundance of good reason why the District Attorney should have taken the public into his confidence immediately

after the election. His was a people's victory, won by the people's support; and the demand for publicity in regard to the details of management was entirely legitimate. The amount of money freely given, with the main items of its expenditure, should have been frankly published. Mr. Jerome owed this to his friends, if not to himself; and, apart from this personal aspect of the matter, there was a public good to be subserved by letting the facts be known. They would throw much light on the question how much it costs to run an honest and independent campaign. By so much, they would help in framing corrupt-practices acts, and also in guiding future reform movements—such as the one to elect non-partisan judges this fall. But Mr. Jerome took perverse counsel in the business, and now has to see a formal petition to the Governor recite the charge that, "in consideration of his failure to prosecute, . . . he received for campaign purposes the sum of upward of \$50,000." To say that this is a base slander, is only to heighten the regret that Mr. Jerome did not make its utterance impossible.

Publication of the names of the first college professors to take advantage of the retiring pension provided by the Carnegie Foundation shows what a wise and gracious plan that was. Here are some fifty veterans who have toiled long and well, some of whose names have illuminated our academic annals and carried the repute of American scholarship abroad, and who now, in their old age and declining vigor, will be assured of a modest support so long as they live. Of course, as the case stood before, these men were in no danger of being turned out to starve. No college that had enjoyed the honorable services and fame of Professor Young, for example, or Professor Morley, could think of leaving them in neglect when incapacitated. The alumni would cry shame upon it. But it is an undoubted burden upon college funds to retain in a professorship a man whom years have disabled from discharging its duties. For the old teacher himself, also, it has been awkward to go on drawing emoluments which he felt were intended for a younger and more active man. But now a happy solution has been found. A retirement fund which is a badge of honor has been provided; and college endowments may be applied entire to the support of professors in full strength. It is a form of old-age pensions of which all must approve.

According to the *Mexican Herald*, which seems to be in sympathy with the revolutionists, President Cabrera of Guatemala is facing a grave crisis. Gen. Lisandro Barillas, the leader of the movement to displace Cabrera, and his

three chief aides, Gen. Leon Castillo, Gen. Salvador Toledo, and Col. Felipe Pinedo, are converging upon Nueva Guatemala from all sides. Castillo has attacked the Pacific port of Ocos, Pinedo has crossed over from British Honduras, Toledo has advanced northward from Salvador, and Barillas himself has invaded the country from Mexico with 700 modern rifles and plenty of ammunition. Toledo's forces, to judge from the most trustworthy reports via Salvador, number 2,000, and, according to Central American standards, they are efficient and well armed. Castillo has been defeated at Ocos, but he means to try again when his forces are increased and when President Cabrera is using his own troops to defend his capital. Contrary to the usual rule, the Barillas movement seems to have been well planned and adequately financed. Guatemala's President has assured his supporters that the revolution will soon be crushed; but the rebels are even more confident of gaining possession of the Government.

The parallel education bills under discussion in England and Prussia afford a pretty striking contrast. The British measure contemplates secular schools in which all sorts of religious instruction are tolerated outside of school hours; the Prussian bill frankly recognizes the sectarian character of the schools, and attempts to supply denominational schools according to the demand of the religious population. The Prussian proposals, which make a special case of each locality, are about what the churchmen of England would like to see effective in British primary education. How deep-seated is the desire to put the duty of denominational instruction upon the State, may be gathered from the fact that twelve thousand "demonstrators" came down from Lancashire to London on Friday to protest against Mr. Birrell's plan of virtual secularization. In a recent debate in the Commons the respective value of home, Sunday-school, and day-school teaching of religion was gravely discussed, and the home and the Sunday-school were badly worsted in the argument. It is a proof of the supreme illogicality which Bagehot venerated in the Briton, that the same people who proclaim the inefficiency of the schools in matters secular are ready to stake their lives that the schools are religion's only teachers, and her best. The British ratepayer is ready to fight lustily for the right of making somebody else bring up his children in the fear of the Lord. Mr. Birrell's plan to make religious teaching a special charge upon the sects is highly unpopular. What the outcome will be, one may hardly predict, but this much is certain: that Parliament will yet spend many a weary hour upon the Education bill without giving any attention to its properly educational features.

Just before the adjournment of the Reichstag, on May 28, the Government met with a severe rebuff. Its proposal to establish a Colonial Secretaryship, independent of the Foreign Office, was rejected by a vote of 142 to 119. The debate leading up to the decision was charged with passion. The whole disastrous colonial and military adventure in South Africa came under the sharpest criticism; and the sense of the Reichstag evidently was that, instead of swelling the military expenditure, troops should rather be withdrawn. In fact, the proposed Government credits for South Africa were deeply cut into. Thereupon Col. von Deimling, who was about to go to the colony to take command, made a violent speech, declaring that, no matter what the Reichstag did, he would never withdraw a single soldier "unless my Emperor issues a command to that effect." This led to a stormy scene. The Radical leader, Herr Müller-Sagan, resented the use of such language by an officer. If he spoke for the Government, the Reichstag would know what answer to make. If for himself, the reply was that if it was in the interest of Germany for the troops to be withdrawn, "they will be withdrawn, Col. von Deimling, whether you wish it or not!" The Clericals joined in the rebuke, and the Government had practically to disavow the impetuous Colonel. Even so, it could not get its measures passed, and meekly accepted a return to the old system of a Director of the Colonial Department within the Foreign Office.

Diplomatic relations between Rumania and Greece have been severed, but it is hard to see how these nations can take the logical next step of going to war. Their nearest frontiers are separated by two neutral Powers, their sea-coasts can be attacked only by passing the Dardanelles, which by the Treaty of Berlin are barred to all non-Turkish war vessels. The case is grievous beyond record. All except the most fanatical advocates of international peace have conceded that nations must fight on a point of honor. The evident corollary to that dictum is that, in such case, nations should be put in a position to fight it out. We can recall no similar instance where nations in dire debate were restricted to a mere cessation of diplomatic civilities. It is distinctly for the Hague Conference to provide relief for such an intolerable situation. Since the basis of the dispute is largely religious, there might at least be provided a polemical arena for the Archbishop at Bucharest and the Athenian Patriarch. Meantime the Vlachs and Greeks in Macedonia will possibly continue to give a very good individual imitation of the warfare that is forbidden to their respective fatherlands.

THE EFFECT ABROAD.

The lot of the self-respecting American travelling in Europe has not, for the past few years, been a happy one. Scandals at home have pursued him across the sea. Hard upon the exposure of corruption in the public service, with high officials smirched or indicted or found guilty, came the revelations of unsoundness in private commercial morals. The insurance crookedness of last year was followed and accentuated this year by the uncovering of graft in the Pennsylvania Company; now comes the reverberating scandal of the packing business, with every one wondering what reputation is next to fall crashing. The inevitable effect upon European opinion was strikingly set forth in a recent dispatch to the *Sun* from its London correspondent. This was the more remarkable for appearing in a newspaper which has long made a specialty of flamboyant patriotism. To one not only at ease but boastful in Zion, the disagreeable information is given:

"It becomes the duty, however painful, of any conscientious correspondent to inform his countrymen of the indictment which the world at large is bringing against them, and to warn them that it is not corporate criminals alone who are being arraigned. It is the whole American people who stand to-day at the bar of public opinion before their sister nations. Never before has American commercial honor been so attacked abroad. Never before have the American people been so criticised for neglecting their primary public duties.

"The Old World has come to believe in general terms that American business methods are rotten. It is a sad thing to write of the reputation of one's country, but it is the simple truth, and the truth had better be told without disguise. It will take more than a paper reorganization of the great life-insurance companies and a cleaning of the Augean stables at Chicago to restore European belief in American honesty and fair dealing. It will be a long time before public opinion on this side of the Atlantic will have any confidence in American corporate reform."

To be entirely fair, we must bear in mind the fact that there has been much exaggeration in the dispatches sent to the London press by its correspondents in this country. With English journalism growing yellower every year, its American news becomes more lurid. One has only to look at the telegrams sent from this side to the *Standard*, the *Tribune*, the *Telegraph*, the *Daily Mail*, and the *Express*, to see that their correspondents are expected to transmit whatever is startling or repulsive, without too close scrutiny or too great moderation of statement. Even the London *Times* has been partially swept away. It has, for example, in this very matter of the meat-scandals, credulously printed all the stories and rumors afloat here. For all this, allowance has certainly to be made. If American business dishonor is hurting our prestige abroad more than could the loss of a dozen battles, American yellow journalism, playing into the hands of ignorant or un-

scrupulous English correspondents, is inflaming foreign suspicion and heightening our national disgrace.

With every deduction made, however, the case is black enough. Americans abroad must be re-reading with new response of soul the lines which Lowell wrote in Europe in 1873:

"I scanned the festering news we half-despise
Yet scramble for no less,
And read of public scandal, private fraud,
Crime flaunting scot-free while the mob applaud,
Office made vile to bribe unworthiness,
And all the unwholesome mess
The Land of Honest Abraham serves of late."

The very quotation suggests a hope. In 1873, the country seemed to be at nadir. Lowell did not exaggerate the impression. All honest Americans felt it, and were ashamed by it. Yet better days followed. In public affairs, a powerful reform movement set many things right. From Grant through Hayes to Cleveland meant an immense toning up. There are signs of similar recuperative forces at work now. Any one with a memory for the ups and downs of American politics during the past thirty years will be on his guard against appearing a "too quick despairer."

Yet the ugly feature of our present situation, causing so malign an effect abroad, is the discovery that commercial immorality is widespread. We have been familiar with political corruption, if not too tolerant of it. In the kinds of business touched by politics also, we have come to expect a certain amount of bribery and stealing. Insurance corruption seemed to go naturally with Insurance Departments to be hoodwinked or "squared," and bosses and Legislatures to be bought. Similarly, the railroad lobby has had its well-understood meaning. All along, too, that organized system of political corruption which we call protection, has been doing its demoralizing work. But we had not, until lately, believed that our standards of commercial honor were low; that business men would cheat and bribe and feather their own nests without being tempted or compelled thereto by politicians. This comfortable confidence, however, has now been badly shattered. We have seen high railroad officials shamelessly taking bribes. We have seen a great business of world-wide scope conducted with callous disregard of health and good faith. This is the sort of thing that makes Europeans suspect us and Americans hang their heads.

"Somebody ought to be punished." True; and the punishment has already fallen. Severer penalties than any statute could inflict have been visited, and will continue to be visited upon the guilty. Correction and amendment are more imperative than punishment. The chance to "do something for the country" was never better for the true patriot; and the way for him to go about it is not to clamor for vengeance upon some conspicuous offender, but to look

to himself. What are his own motives? Does he lament the poor opinion of us held abroad simply because it means lowered reputation and loss of trade, or because it means a state of morals of which we all ought to be heartily ashamed? Repentance and reform can never be vicarious. If every man of us would resolve to leave off cheating, whether profitable and undetected or not, and the condoning of cheats, we should be doing what we could to set up our nation in the considerate judgment of mankind.

THE BLESSED WORD, "GOVERNMENT."

"We are getting some excellent samples just now of the fallacies which men hug to their bosoms in connection with such ideas as "Government," "Government control," and the like. We frequently observe, for example, an awe-struck use of the word "official." One man says this, another alleges that; but a Government report is printed, and that is "official," putting an end to controversy. People will not look to the man behind the name. If Mr. James Bronson Reynolds comes along on his own hook and declares that he has made such and such startling discoveries, we take it for what it is worth. We know that his testimony may be ex-parte, and so we insist upon hearing others and checking off his evidence in every way possible. But the moment Mr. Reynolds is commissioned by the President to make a report, he at once becomes clothed with the sanctity and infallibility of "the Government"; and not to take his lightest word, or most innocent mistake, as gospel truth is treason and sacrilege. We see how this works when our ordinarily well-poised neighbor, the *Times*, begins hurling the words "nullification" and "forgery" at Representative Wadsworth of the House Committee on Agriculture, simply because he sets up his own ideas against those of "the Government"—i. e., Mr. Reynolds.

This is strangely at variance with our practice in Government prosecutions. When a man's property or life is in peril in the courts, State or national, no such sacrosanct character is attributed to what the Government says. After "the Government's case" is put in, it is open to the sharpest scrutiny and challenge and attack by opposing counsel. Because the District Attorney is "official," no one would plead that what he says should close all mouths. We know that he is just as subject to mistake or prejudice as any other man; and lawyers feel it their duty to contest "the Government" vigorously in order that it may clearly appear whether the Government (that is, the fallible men at the moment representing it) is blundering or not. But when some one comes forward in a mat-

ter of public business and says, "This is a Government report, and these facts and recommendations are official," we are expected to sit down like so many Persians under a decree of the Shah, and never dare for a moment to inquire for ourselves or frame our own conclusions.

As we said at the first, we think the report of Messrs. Neill and Reynolds establishes the existence of repulsive and unnecessary evils in some of the Chicago packing houses. They are, indeed, an old story. Local inspection by the Chicago health officers confirms them in part. But they were, in part, impeached by the testimony of Mr. Wilson before the House Committee on June 6. It would seem that Mr. Wadsworth and his colleagues do not think it a crime to ask what the truth is. They talk of going to Chicago to look for themselves. And even if the facts in the Government report remain substantially unshaken, it is not, as some appear to think, the act of a villain to dissent from its conclusions.

One good reason for dissent, or at least doubt, lies on the surface. We are asked to apply the magic of Government inspection to the Chicago slaughter-houses. They must be placed under the Bureau of Animal Industry, affirm the President's investigators. But they have already been under it, and with what result? Why, that its inspectors found nothing out of the way at all! They reported to the Secretary of Agriculture that the charges of 'The Jungle' were unfounded. So we have the infallible Government against the infallible Government. President Roosevelt is said to be very angry that the Bureau of Animal Industry did not discover the abuses which his personal agents found. Yet the latter recommend that the same negligent Bureau be given more power than before! Who will inspect the inspectors?

There is, of course, a natural explanation of the growing tendency to cast ourselves upon the national Government, entrusting it with one new function after another, and comfortably thinking that we are saved and all is well. The national authority seems to carry more weight than city, county, or State authority. To many interests, national in scope, we see it successfully applied, and we jump to the conclusion that it ought to be applied everywhere. Inspection and regulation by the Federal Government present themselves as more efficient than State or municipal. They often are so. But it is also alleged that they are more incorruptible. One form of the superstition that all good is to come from the Government is the notion that our city governments are rotten and our State administrations corrupt, but that energy resides in Washington to purify the national service. Granting, in the face of strong evidence to the

contrary, that this might be true for a time, it could not long be true. If the fountain is tainted, the waters cannot flow forth pure; and if we are too feeble or venal to maintain honest local governments, we shall not long have a sound national Government. The same men and systems that produce the one, create the other; the same corrupting forces that attack the one, also assault the other, and if one gives way, for lack of virtue or determination in the citizens, so will the other. The idea that you can take a grafting official, and, by removing the words "State Inspector" from the ribbon on his hat, and substituting "Government Inspector," make him an honest man, is one of the most hideous delusions that have come with the limp dependence upon "Government" as the source of all our strength and hope.

It is easy to propose and even carry through such innovations as the President is urging. "Safeguarding the food of the people!" Certainly. Who dares object? Are you going to raise whimsies about the Constitution and our settled form of government when so great a good is to be done? But those who say this only confirm our point. There is such a prevalent craze about confiding everything to "Government" that people have left off reasoning from cause to effect; refuse to look at the ultimate consequences of a political principle if it seems to minister to their present comfort; and delude themselves with abstractions instead of considering real things and living men. But the reaction will come, and we shall discover again the old truth that if we cannot keep our own yards clean, we cannot make the national domain sweet and pure.

CROP ESTIMATES IN THE MAKING.

"It is in the United States," says the Keep Commission, in its report now published in full as a Senate document, "that the making of crop estimates and expressing the results in figures on a percentage basis has been developed." So we ought, seemingly, to regard the crop estimates, although they are not yet out of the zone of fire in Washington, as a characteristic national institution. It is also one naturally calculated to appeal to Yankee ingenuity. Given something like ten million agriculturalists, distributed over something like three million square miles of land, and spending their time cultivating all manner of vegetable products, find the results of their labors before the crops are actually sold, expressed in bushels, tons, and bales. There was really something appropriate in the atmosphere of mystery which was always thrown about the crop estimates. Reports from over the country dribbled in and were secreted in ponderous safes, a consultation of grave men took place behind closed doors, and

in due time there emerged the long-awaited numerals that set the country by the ears and sent the markets up or down—unless there happened to have been an anticipatory "leak."

It has been one of the services of the Keep Commission to tear off this veil of secrecy and show what the grave men were really doing behind the closed doors. It certainly took some hardihood to question in any way the authenticity of the cotton estimates in the face of the assurance that in their making there had been digested the reports of no less than 85,000 people! It took actually more people to make the cotton estimates than it did to make all the bakers' bread in the entire country, a quarter as many as it did to spin and weave the cotton after it was estimated. And yet the Census Bureau dared to set up the work of its 701 paid agents as a standard of accuracy.

How the Commission found the very number of these correspondents, indiscriminately selected and carelessly supervised, a source of weakness rather than of strength in the estimates has been told in the dispatches. Accuracy would be better served by dispensing with the 12,000 township correspondents, the 20,000 individual farmers, the 32,000 ginners, and most of the 16,000 "special correspondents" now on the books. Let the Bureau trust to trained men, pick them carefully, give them the best opportunities for observation, and pay them adequately, and its conclusions will be better entitled to respect than ever. Ten thousand men can make a more effective count of the objects in a large area than ten, but there is no reason why their guess or estimate without an actual enumeration should be even so good as that of the ten, if the ten happen to be experts at that sort of thing.

The Keep Commission's vindication of the returns from the census of agricultural products brings out sharply enough the fundamental distinction that exists between an estimate and a count. It finds that, out of the 102 counties in which the National Board of Trade pointed out that the Census Office had found actually more farm land than there were acres within the county lines, there were only nine cases in which blunders of clerks or enumerators caused the absurd result. The others were either accounted for by "normal error," or by the standing rule that a farm on the county line is supposed to be credited to the county in which its manager resides. The general confidence expressed by the Commission in the methods of the Census Bureau as regards agriculture is the more valuable in view of the amount of editing and working over which these schedules necessarily receive after their receipt at Washington. It is pointed out with approval, for instance, that in the census of 1900 for

the first time separate returns were asked on shelled corn and corn in the ear, with the money value of each, thus providing one more check on the accuracy of returns. The census volume on "Crops and Irrigation" itself tells how the discovery was made that enumerators were lumping "speltz," a bearded Russian grain, with ordinary oats, and how this error could be allowed for. Such necessary shifts of figures naturally occur chiefly in the minor crops, especially those which the census has but recently tried to include in its reports. Thus, the returns for green vegetables were received in every imaginable form, by "barrels," "crates," "bunches," "dozens," and "heads," which, with the expert assistance of market-men, had to be reduced to a common unit. Even the most carefully collected statistical data are very far from self-tabulating.

Some months ago, the Keep Commission raised the question whether advance estimates were really worth while on crops, like cotton, where the census returned annual figures of its own. The cotton estimates, which differed in 1904 by 4.2 per cent. from the census report of the same year, have been accuracy itself compared with some of the other returns. On corn the estimate of 1900 was 78 per cent. of the census return, on wheat 83, on oats 84, barley 61, rye 94, buckwheat—almost a perfect estimate—99, potatoes 84, and hay 68. It is over livestock, however, that the census, if so inclined, would be most entitled to gloat. Mr. Hyde's "statisticians" estimated that there were 13,537,524 horses on January 1, 1900; the census found 18,280,007 on June 1. The Bureau estimated 37,379,356 swine; the Census found 62,876,108. Estimates are valuable for just what they are; but, in the light of the investigations now published, it will not be possible for a long time to come for the public to swallow them as, in any sense, of authority equal or even comparable to those often unappreciated monuments of application, the census volumes.

THE TOWN MEETING FOR CITIES.

Newport adopted last week the new charter framed by the city's Municipal Association and granted by the Rhode Island Legislature last winter, thus in a day passing from a system of ward politics and sectional strife to a modified "town-meeting" scheme which is offered as a model for small cities. For a Council of 20—now made up of 12 Republicans and 8 Democrats—the new plan substitutes a non-partisan body of 195. From each of the five wards of the city 39 representatives are to be chosen, who, in the words of former Chief Justice Shaw of Massachusetts, shall "meet for the purpose of deliberation, instead of the whole body of electors." A Board of

Aldermen is retained for executive work, and the powers of the Mayor are largely increased.

This Newport charter is an interesting adaptation of the admirable town-meeting idea that New England has cherished. Since 1855, when Newport formally became a city and gave up the town-council scheme that governed most Rhode Island municipalities, the charter had been stretched and distorted until it no longer satisfied the people. Newport's interests have been subordinated to those of ward politicians. For the past twenty-five years the successive mayors have appealed to the City Council to appoint a committee to draw up a new charter. Last December the Municipal Association was authorized to draft an act that should serve as a pattern for all small cities of the State. The committee that framed the charter was made up of representative men—lawyers, workmen, and merchants. As explained by one of the most intelligent members, "the aim of the committee was to get back to first principles and common sense. The town-meeting system of old New England was an ideal government, for there was no corruption and no graft."

But in a city of 25,000 inhabitants, it was obviously impossible to bring all the electors together in a single meeting. What was decided upon as an alternative was the selection of a Council big enough to represent every voter, which should elect the city officers and appropriate all money that should be spent by the city. The Council's power should be limited, however, to the appropriation of money; to the smaller Board of Aldermen was to be left the expenditure of the money, but only for the specific purpose indicated by the representative Council. The largest possible freedom of discussion in the latter's meetings was to be encouraged. Any citizen who objected to an appropriation by the Council, or to any of its policies, was given the right to circulate and present petitions to that body. On the petition of 150 electors, a referendum was to be granted on questions affecting the city. In the election of this Council of 195 men, it was provided that no party emblem or attribution should appear on the ballot—merely the candidate's name and address. Instead of a partisan body of 20, therefore, the city proposed to provide itself with a non-partisan body of sufficient size to insure the putting of the city's interests ahead of those of any boss or political clique.

Sectional interests in a city of the size of Newport are likely to conflict; the committee kept in mind the necessity for bringing "downtown" and "uptown" together in sufficient numbers to thresh out their differences in an intelligent way. The hesitation felt by business men of the city in going into politics was to be overcome. Local bosses who,

under the old charter, could make a merchant "be good" on threatening him with local legislation designed to ruin his business, would be harmless under the new law. A candidate for this great council was not to be chosen in caucus. Thirty signatures of electors in the candidate's ward and a filing of his nomination paper in the city clerk's office was hit upon as the method for getting a name on the ballot. The most serious objection urged by the genuine doubters was that thirty-nine men could not be found in each ward who would consent to stand for election. But this question was disposed of in the campaign made by the new charter's friends, who pointed to Brookline, Mass., which is of about the same population as Newport, and which retains the old town meeting. There, it was found, the average attendance for purposes of deliberation is about that proposed for the limited town meeting or representative council of Newport.

Simplicity and publicity were aimed at in framing the Newport charter, but it seems to possess, besides, an educational value that cannot be overlooked. In a recent paper by the president of the American Civic Association the ignorance of the average "good" citizen about the most elementary principles of municipal finance was strikingly pointed out. The elector who knows the salary of the mayor of his city is the exception. The assessed valuation of a city, its tax rate, the city debt, and the rate of interest paid on it, the constitutional debt limit, and the valuation of property for purposes of taxation—all these matters, and more, are as unfamiliar to the average city man with the right to vote as are the details of the administration of the Panama Canal zone. In such a body as the Newport representative council, intelligent voters will have a better opportunity to learn how they are governed and for what the money they pay as taxes is spent. This is the sort of knowledge that must precede any effective plan to improve municipal government.

THE WEALTHY LOWER CLASSES.

Whatever the recent anti-capitalistic campaign may have effected, it has at least caused a right-about-face in the general attitude towards wealth. For a matter of fifty years every American boy has been taught both that he was the architect of his own fortunes and that he must build big. The millionaire was held before the barefoot boy as a shining goal. We were unhesitatingly assured that the self-made man of great riches was the noblest work of the American commonwealth, if not of God. Among the ultra-successful there was no doubt of this doctrine. To be sure, there were rifts in the lute of universal adulation. The Goulds, Fisks, and Wards had

occurred, but it was believed that they were highly exceptional. There was nothing to shake the faith of the average millionaire in the exemplariness of his own career. In fact, the acquirement of colossal wealth passed for something like a self-sacrificing virtue. It encouraged the conviction that the cap of every American boy covered a potential millionaire.

How quickly the revulsion has come about may be gathered from the fact that it is only four years since the feast given by our "captains of industry" was widely said to be the most impressive spectacle that America could show to Prince Henry of Prussia. To-day many of these captains are variously under investigation or suspected, universities are rebuked for receiving their money, warrant-servers seek their persons, their hegemony has sunk to that of a world of graft. A "social philosopher" declares in the *North American Review* the inexpediency of any American citizen being permitted to earn more than the salary of the President of the nation. In short, great wealth is now on the defensive, its possession requires explanation if not apology. The virtuous scion of ten generations of clergymen or bank clerks may now turn up his nose and thank Heaven that there never was a captain of industry in his family.

Possibly the moral indignation of the have-nots against the haves is excessive. The well-to-do, and even the poor, frequently enjoy their privileged condition through no merit of their own. The salaried man who is inclined to rejoice inordinately in his superior lot should recall that only accident may have kept the golden bar sinister off his escutcheon—but for the grace of God he might be personally even as the Armours and Rockefellers. In fact, we counsel such a person not readily to give place unto wrath, but to fix his attention rather upon the blessedness of his own condition. Better be a serene retail hatter than a fevered excoriator of the Trusts. The Horatian mood retains its value, and we can imagine an entire generation of folk neither poor nor rich murmuring, *Beatus ille qui procul negotiis*, with a new relish.

Certainly, the delights of the middling lot have received fresh illustration from the recent embarrassments of the unco' rich. The obscure citizen may put his Sunday quarter in the plate without fearing the echo, "Tainted money." He is not subject to the importunity of those who would force free stock upon him, but may select and buy such securities as his judgment approves; he is not liable to the harrassing debate whether his Trust should be fined or his person imprisoned; even his passions and weaknesses are safeguarded by the withholding of his annual insurance dividends, while no such fence against temptation surrounds mere insurance

presidents. Finally, the average prudent man may bargain for his services without being enjoined for restraint of trade; he may accumulate "green trading stamps" without falling under the law against receiving rebates; he may kill and even can his own chicken without dread of theorists, chemists, or sociologists. To contrast with this care-free lot that of the millionaire, subject, as it is, to all manner of suspicion and actual constraint, is superfluous.

A further and rarer felicity awaits the man who adroitly steers between poverty and riches. He may fairly aspire to association with gentlefolk—with the unheeded mass among which good manners and the older social amenities have taken refuge. What one may call the gentler pleasures of life are largely forbidden to the energetic persons who manage colossal deals in the morning and symbolically huge motors and steam-yachts afternoons and Sundays. Under modern conditions of business success, it is possible, perhaps, but most difficult, to practise the finest of all arts—that of living. We opine that these considerations should turn wrath against the financial generation now in the pillory into something like compassion. What a positive good fortune, it should seem, to work in a calling where ruthlessness is not the condition of success, and where the over-accumulation of money is not the goal.

To-day a wise father might well say: "Son, from generation to generation this family has earned its living and paid its bills, it has had the privilege of honest and gentle associations, no member has condescended to be very rich, none has been indecently poor; it is for you to be worthy of this tradition—to keep your family in reasonable comfort and yourself out of the committees, courts, and newspapers." That this would be good advice cannot readily be gainsaid; that it will be universally given may be doubted. Sufficient volunteers will probably be found to undertake the invidious and disadvantageous succession of the present magnates. Many more, we trust and confidently believe, will shake off the cant and cult of mammonism, readjust their standards, and come to a state of mind equally removed from sullen envy of the wealthy lower classes and from discontent at their own humble but highly favored lot.

THE PARIS SALONS.

PARIS, May, 1906.

That there is something wrong with the two Salons, French critics have been assuring us for the last few years. The old Salon continues to be what it has ever been since the unfortunate secession from it of almost all its most distinguished and brilliant contributors; the new Salon is fast sinking, if it has not quite sunk, to as low a level. It was with pleasure, there-

fore, that I heard of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts' proposal to give this spring a retrospective show covering the sixteen years of its existence. For it seemed to me as if in this record of the past might be found a clue to the present demoralization or stagnation among artists, and I waited for the chance of comparison it promised before my usual visit to the two Salons.

Unfortunately, the retrospective show has turned out the greatest disappointment of all. It is held in the two Pavillons de Bagatelle, in the most charming part of the Bois de Boulogne; and if you happen to have a morning or an afternoon to idle away in delightful gardens, with enchanting views from every terrace, the excursion is more than worth while. But if your object is the serious study of modern art, you might just as well spare yourself the long drive or longer journey by train and tram, and remain content with the ten thousand or so pictures and prints in the better-known galleries nearer the centre of Paris. The show has no claim to the name of retrospective except the fact that no new work by the few members of the Society who have a place is shown. The collection is not representative. I cannot imagine on what principle the selection was made; nor can I see that it has any object save to furnish an excuse for the opening of the two Pavillons to the public. The rooms are pleasantly arranged, and this is about the best that can be said for them. The artists appear to have been chosen at haphazard, and in no case is their finest or most characteristic work included.

There are a few not very remarkable examples of Puvis de Chavannes, Cazin, and Alfred Stevens, the usual portrait as a peg for millinery by M. Carolus-Duran and M. Roll. Of the theories and tendencies and movements of the last sixteen years, you can learn absolutely nothing; not as much as a suggestion is to be had of the great development in black-and-white, and the experiments in color-printing that, for long, made the section of drawings and prints the most interesting at the new Salon. Really, I saw little of any importance save three portraits by Carrière, painted in the eighties before he had allowed his mannerisms to grow upon him; a small but strong and beautifully modelled head of a boy by Mr. Dannat—a head that makes one wonder the more at Mr. Dannat's recent excursions into sensationalism and his present absence from contemporary shows; and a head of a girl, wonderfully fresh and charming, by M. Besnard. One other thing I noted—how quickly the painter of fashion goes out of fashion: it is not many years since the death of Duez, a popular portrait painter of his day, and already his large and elaborate portraits of women, two of which are hung, strike one as curiously vulgar and vapid.

It may be, after all, that the clue wanted was to be had in those three portraits by Carrière. A whole room has been devoted to his work at the new Salon. There are large canvases, portraits, the family groups one knows so well—those tragic impressions of maternity—studies and sketches, undeniably a characteristic series. It must be admitted that the result is sadly monotonous, and, though I hesitate to say it, tiresome. Carrière is one of the artists who cannot stand a "one-man"

show. Look at two or three even of his latest pictures, and you see only their beauty; and all that is genuine and true in them; look at a number gathered together, and you feel only the convention, the mannerism, to which he yielded until in the end his eyes were closed to everything else. There is all the atmosphere you could ask for in the three portraits of the Bagatelle collection, and in one, of a mother and child, all the tenderness and sentiment. But there is no trace as yet of the mist, the fog, which from that period on began to envelop his pictures, while the figures in them faded into vague, dim phantoms. Put those three portraits in the Carrière room at the Grand Palais, and you could not but realize what Carrière, though he remained always the artist, lost by his absorption in a convention that, springing originally from his very personal way of looking at things, led him eventually to mistake it for nature. Never yet has an artist relied solely upon convention and not been weakened or wrecked by it. And this probably accounts for part at least of the stagnation, as it is described, of modern art. Go the rounds of the new Salon, and you will quickly learn how many besides Carrière have given themselves up more and more to the convention, the mannerism, the eccentricity that may first have made their fame. You can pass over the painters who endeavor to thrive on the conventions of others; you can pass over the painters who in their turn, like Duez in his, are the popular portraitists of the day; you can pass over the weaklings, the amateurs, the sensationists who ought never to have been permitted to litter up already overcrowded walls. But come at once to the painters of genuine distinction, originality, technical accomplishment, and what do you find?

Take, for instance, M. Boldini: there is no one now at work who has a greater command of his medium, or can give you life itself on his canvas with greater vividness. But how he has let his facility and vivacity run away with him! He shows three portraits this year. One, the usual fashionable lady in the usual fashionable attire—a three-quarters length on an oval canvas—is treated with something like reticence. But the others! On two large upright canvases he has painted, with the directness, the certainty of touch that is so astounding, two women arrayed in the last extreme of the very last fashion. The rendering of textures is amazing—indeed, too amazing; for it is the very dexterity with which the violet-and-rose and the black-and-white “creations” are reproduced in all their elaboration of stuffs and fidelity to the mode, together with the distorted impossibility of the figures, the absurd and meaningless pose of arms and hands, the vacuous expression of the faces, that makes both portraits seem no better than the caricatures of fashion plates upon which, of late years, it has amused M. Boldini to squander his ability and knowledge. Or, take again an artist as different in vision and method as M. Aman-Jean. We are familiar now with his portraits, languid in pose and color, self-conscious in arrangement, but with an unmistakable personal charm. The charm, however, is gradually being lost in the languor. To judge from exhibited results, you might think that M. Aman-Jean could scarcely

summon up energy enough even to paint. His canvases diminish in number and size. He has managed to send only three to the present Salon, and these, in their vagueness and pallor, would seem to have exhausted him. From one, a young girl, in pale rose, looks out with a languor less inane, to be sure, but hardly surpassed by the languishing grace of the handkerchief-box beauty. In a second, shadowy figures in shadowy purple draperies move aimlessly and languorously about a tranquil lake in the twilight. All three carry you to a world where the very shadows droop under the burden of weariness.

M. Besnard, who is more vigorous and less mannered, cannot escape the decorative formula that is of such service to him in his mural decorations, but is not so appropriate to his portraits, and this year he shows only portraits. One is of M. Barrère, French Ambassador at Rome, but the painter's interest, it is evident, was all for the splendor of the official uniform and of the spacious room where the ambassador stands, a patient and convenient dummy; the other is a family group against a conventional landscape background, but the mother and her four children, who are arranged on the old pyramidal principle, and seen in the “open air” and gay light of the modern studio, belong less to the actual world than to the land of decorative panels. To this land, M. Gaston La Touche's large “Fête de Nuit” makes no pretence of not belonging. It was painted for the Palais de l'Élysée, and is now placed in a room at the Salon specially prepared for it, where, with his other pictures, it hangs on walls of a neutral yellow instead of the usual red so disastrous to the gayety of his color and the quality of his light. Lovers, in a brilliantly illuminated boat, floating through the mystery of night, or, in a scarlet coach, driving through the falling gold of the autumn woods; a woman (a nude) by a stream in the same woods—these are M. La Touche's subjects. And he sees them in the light that, before now, has shone in many of his pictures; he uses them as motives for schemes of color that threaten to become hackneyed by his own abuse of them. And so it is with painters of distinction like M. Lhermitte, M. Billotte, M. Ménard, M. Sidaner, M. Thaulow, M. Buysse, M. Claus, who repeat themselves until each year's pictures seem little more than a repetition of last year's, with only some slight variation in theme and scale. And some of the younger men of promise, like Mr. Friesseke, are in danger of falling, all too soon, into the same trick of repetition. Mr. Friesseke's women grow more wooden with time, puppets upon which he hangs his delicate harmony of Whistler-inspired color. Or others, like Mr. Childe-Hassam—who has two fresh, bright landscapes and a clever nude, a woman at her toilet seated before a mirror—are too willing to devote their cleverness to reëchoing Monet or one of the other French Impressionists.

It is a pleasure, in the midst of so much that is perfunctory or lifeless, reminiscent or imitative, to come upon the work of Mr. Morrice, who has had the courage to seek new motives under new conditions, and to study them for himself under these conditions, instead of adapting them to a well-worn recipe. He has exchanged the boule-

yards of Paris and the French seashore for Canada and its snowcovered fields and towns and shops; and he has shown that he can feel no less the beauty there is in the white lonely road under an incredibly blue sky, or the square wooden base of a house perched primly in the cold white wintry landscape, or the little row of houses so like a French village, facing the snowy street. There is nothing of the realistic rendering of snow and ice that astonishes one in M. Thaulow's versions of the Scandinavian winter; Mr. Morrice gives rather the aspect, the feeling of this frozen landscape with its pure cold color, its cold white light, the subtle gradations and effects in its vast expanse of white broken by the swift sleigh, or by the little house, unlovely in itself, but of such pictorial value.

M. Cottet is another artist with the courage of experiment. His Brittany and Bretons have been deserted—for an interval anyway—and he has painted instead three large, full-length studies of the same model, or sitter, under different effects of light. She stands, the background no more than indicated, first in the light of noon, then in a gray light, then by lamp-light. It must be confessed, however, that the explanation in the catalogue is necessary, for in no one of the three does the light quite explain itself. It is true, too, that the color is dingy and dirty. But there is character and observation in face and figure, there is the painter's attempt to see something for himself and to solve a new problem. An arrangement of Ponten-Royans in Dauphiné also has character. The town, climbing up picturesquely from the mountain stream against the grim mountain range, is a contrast in every way to the Breton village or the bare sweep of Breton countryside in M. Cottet's earlier pictures. M. Simon seldom paints a portrait for the sake of the portrait alone, and not also for the difficult or amusing effect of light or atmosphere it may suggest. “Jour d'été” he calls his group of three children, and with reason, for you can see how much less concerned he was with the children than with his study of summer sunshine as it came streaming in upon them through an open window.

It is surprising how few are the good or notable portraits. M. Caro-Delvalle, from whom such great things were expected, hardly justifies the expectation, though his ambition is not at fault in his large portrait groups of three musicians and of Mme. G. D. and her children, and though there are passages in both of rare beauty. Fantin-Latour never did anything better than the vase of roses and the loose sheets of music on the piano in the picture of the musicians. But the piano itself is clumsy; it seems to fill the canvas, crowding the figures into the corner, as if the painter had felt the impossibility of getting anything save its own clumsiness out of it. M. Carolus-Duran has had only men for sitters—one a cardinal—but they have not saved him from the meretriciousness of his later manner. M. Blanche is not at his best, least of all in the portraits of Mr. Shannon and Mr. Ricketts, already exhibited in London; a peculiar luridness in the flesh tints and an exaggerated modelling in the faces are the unpleasant substitutes for expression and character. M. Roll, in a

large equestrian portrait—"Le Dragon"—is melodramatic; Borchardt, in his "Emperor William," who wears what I take to be a hunting costume, is simply comic. Mr. Sargent has nothing, neither has M. Gandara; it is long since Mr. Alexander and Mr. Humphreys-Johnstone have been represented. Other men for whom one always looks with interest are absent. M. Louis Legrand sends no pictures, nor does Mr. Maurer. Though there seems to have been a general exodus of painters to Spain, M. Zuloaga, who is mainly responsible for it, does not appear. M. Anglada is here, however, and has lost nothing of his skill in the rendering of strong, brilliant color. His "Fiancée de Benimant," in an extraordinary flowered gown, standing by a mule that cannot be seen for the gorgeousness of its trappings, would, less skilfully treated, degenerate into vulgarity and garishness, but in his hands becomes a technical triumph, if little more. As for M. Garrido, in one canvas he repeats himself—this time painting a whole group of children's faces, almost all with the smile that made his reputation—and the State has bought the repetition; in two others, he tries to vie with the grotesques of M. Veber. But M. Veber does this sort of thing with more spirit, and he has a series of his little caricatures of life in paint as reminders of where M. Garrido found his model. When M. Veber uses the same method for an elaborate decoration, as he has done in "Les Contes de Fées" for M. Rostand, it can hardly bear the severity of the test. There is not much else to mention, except that M. Lobre and Mr. Gay are still the leaders for the small pictures of domestic architecture and interiors they brought in to vogue, though this year M. Lobre has been working also in the churches of Chartres, but with less success than in his drawing-rooms; that Mr. Vail has some new arrangements of Venice, where he has found so many motives; that M. Storm von Gravesande exhibits for the (to my knowledge) first time as painter, showing several clever little studies of still-life.

The sculpture is even less interesting than the painting. M. Rodin, as if holding himself in reserve for the society of which he is now the president, contributes only a small head, full of character, but catalogued vaguely as "Sculpture." I discovered nothing else of special note. There are signs of lassitude again in the section of prints and drawings, where, only a few years since, was so much life and vigor. Save for the pastels of Louis Legrand, Luigi, and Steinlen, the etchings of Legrand and MacLaughlin—the same he exhibited at the International—the woodblocks of Schmied, there was not much to strike one particularly one way or the other. Indeed, the section of prints in the old Salon, where Sir Seymour Haden and Mr. Pennell show their etchings, Mr. Belleruche and M. Dillon their lithographs, Mr. Wolf his wood-engravings, is now altogether as noteworthy.

The pictures at the old Salon, however, have degenerated more hopelessly into convention or commonplace. M. Härpignies continues to command attention by the dignity of design and solemnity of sunshine in his landscapes; M. Pointelin to move you by the tragedy and serenity of his moorland, though, this year, he has a

wooded stretch of country in the morning light that, for him, is almost gay. Mr. Cooper's Philadelphia and New York "skyscrapers" make, I believe, their first appearance at the Salon. M. Bail paints still-life with his accustomed cleverness. M. Bonnat and the others provide the expected portrait. But the one painting—or series of paintings—I need now mention is the decoration for the Capitol at Toulouse by M. Henri Martin. It is shown with the care a large work of this kind is so apt to receive in Paris. A room apart has been reserved for it, so that some idea can be formed of its effect in the hall for which it is destined. On one side is the long panel representing mowers at work, already hung in a previous Salon and then described by me; on the other, a conventionalized Toulouse, its red brick, warm in the sunshine of the Midi, seen from the opposite river-bank, where people of the town—some of the figures are portraits—wander and linger in strained attitudes that suggest an unaccountable intensity of feeling. The town is well arranged, but to the people, though they gaze upward to heaven or down to earth with an emotion invented to meet the needs of the design, the painter has not succeeded in giving the pictorial interest of his peasants in more picturesque loose shirts and large, broad-brimmed hats, who move with the natural and rhythmic grace of the mower at work. I am not sure that the light and colors M. Martin gets from his broken brushwork and restless technique will prove exactly restful to the Toulousains, who enter the Capitol with eyes already dazzled by the sunshine and glare of their streets and squares.

In the Sculpture Court is the accustomed collection of statues and busts and huge florid monuments, mostly able in execution, but forced and theatrical, so fierce is the competition for applause where craftsmen share such a fair average of accomplishment. Most interesting to Americans is the equestrian statue of Gen. McClellan by Mr. MacMonnies, designed for Washington. It has not the inspired swagger of Mr. Saint-Gaudens's Sherman, but it is restrained and dignified. The General sits well upon the horse, and the horse makes no fantastic, melodramatic leap into space, but stands safely on its pedestal.

Much other good and scholar-like work there may be—and is. But the great evil of modern picture exhibitions is the large scale upon which they are planned, so that the good and scholar-like work cannot always hold its own against the flamboyant performance of the notoriety-seeker and the sensation-monger. N. N.

THE VALLEY OF THE SINALOA.

SINALOA, MEXICO, March, 1906.

A unique geographic feature of northern Sinaloa is a long range of mountains reaching out at right angles from the Sierra Madre in a westerly direction to within thirty-five miles of the Gulf of California, sharply dividing the lower portion of the Fuerte watershed from that of the Sinaloa River. The range is cut through by a low pass near Ocoroni, giving rise to the local distinction of the eastern part of the range as the Sierra de Tasajera, while the seaward extension is called the Sierra de San Blas. Although this divergence of an im-

portant mountain range from the axis of the orogenic movements of so great a system as the Sierra Madre, with which it is connected, is remarkable enough, still more so is the close correspondence of its geological structure to that of the mother range. Here are the same vast accumulations of andesites, andesitic breccias and tuffs, overlaid by caps, now deeply eroded, formed by successive flows of rhyolite, all shot through by later dikes of trap. It is a singular phenomenon, this narrow ridge, with so diversified a history of stupendous volcanic activity, rising clean-cut out of the broad plain to altitudes of from 2,000 to 5,000 feet, without foothills or lava steps. Journeying toward the south, one emerges from the pass suddenly into the broad, fertile valley of the Ocoroni. At the same time one is conscious of having reached a climate that is softer and sweeter than the Fuerte valley. The Tasajera-San Blas range is a climatic as well as geographic barrier.

There are no such cotton lands anywhere on the west coast as those along the Ocoroni River, nor is there any region of equal extent so ideally beautiful. The crystal river winds through well-drained bottom lands, reaching thirty miles from the town of Ocoroni to the eastward, where the vista ends in the blue domes and pinnacles of the great Sierra. On the north is the rugged outline of the Tasajera range, while the southern border consists of low wooded hills forming the front of the elevated mesa called the Tabla de Ocoroni. The latter is a broad expanse of gravelly plain, densely covered with a scrubby growth of multitudinous species of acacia and other trees, here and there broken by open grassy savannas, ranged over by herds of cattle. The stage road across this mesa is like a park drive, firm and level, winding through shrubbery resplendent with the yellow bloom of acacias and Brazilwood and the gorgeous pink crowns of *amapas*. But it is a still place, strikingly songless after the bursts of melody from the mocking-birds, larks, wrens, and sparrows of the river bottoms. Now and then a large hare, a *tochi* or a *conejo*, loped across the road, and once a tiger-cat stole into sight, took a hurried glance at the intruders upon his solitudes, and then flung himself precipitately into the hidden depths of the woods. No human abodes are here, for the soil is shallow and poor and the few water-holes are not permanent. From the edge of the Ocoroni valley to the very confines of the city of Sinaloa, broken only by the narrow valley of the Cabrera arroyo, is an uninhabited and most inhospitable wilderness.

At Sinaloa, however, nature is fruitful and generous again. Her bounty has called into being a well-built city on the banks of the Sinaloa River, in a broad valley with flashing canefields, where pillars of smoke are rising at this season from the sugar mills, interspersed with long *potreros* (the name given in Mexico to fields of corn-stubble), now full of cattle nibbling at the remaining stalks. On all sides are wooded hills and rugged mountains, most conspicuous being the Sierra de Mapiri in the east, crowned by the precipitous peaks of Casanate. The river is one of extreme fluctuations between the majesty of roaring floods and the insignificance of a dwindled stream half filtering through expansive gravel

bars. But the fertility of its valley is abundantly evidenced by the signs of agricultural prosperity, and this condition continues down to the coastal plain, where it is joined by the Ocoroni valley at Guasave, the most favored spot, by virtue of its climate and its rich loose loams, in the entire length of the Sinaloa coast.

Sinaloa is a city with a past, both in wealth and political importance, but it does not occupy a commanding position geographically, and so seems destined to play a minor rôle in the future development of the State. It is solidly built, and enjoys the distinction of having water works; but as the intake for the pumping station is so situated as to capture a goodly portion of the city's drainage, this does not constitute a particularly attractive improvement. It is a great stronghold of the Church, and was once an important mission station. The Romanesque tower of the old mission church has resisted the destructive effects of time and flood, and is still an imposing structure, simple but elegant in its perfection of outline and proportion.

To realize the full beauty of this valley one should view it at sunset from the heights of Buena Vista, ten miles east of Sinaloa, when the evening colors lie upon the winding waters in the fertile *vegas*, and the white city, nestling against its hills, is etherealized by the amethystine hue that envelops the distant landscape. From Buena Vista to Bacubirito is a succession of bosky hills, with an occasional glimpse of the red cliffs of Casanate, and one superb vista of the wild Picachos de los Cuates, like another and greater Kremlin with its infinite minarets and domes. At Huera is a lovely cañon, with deep green pools and jewelled cascades, and dripping walls of rock overgrown with such a varied wealth of rare and exquisite plants as make it a veritable botanist's paradise. The abundance of water and the many rich intramontane valleys have resulted in a chain of prosperous settlements all the way to Bacubirito, so that the traveller can obtain plentiful comforts. (The novice in Mexican travel may question the existence of anything in the country districts which may be termed "comforts," but of this more anon.)

Bacubirito enjoys a setting of exquisite beauty as first seen from the heights south of the great bend of the Sinaloa River on which the city stands. Its white buildings, and the tall, white, graceful spire of the mission church of San Pedro, in the midst of a spreading green valley, stand out in brilliant, cameo-like relief against the deep blue wall of the Sierra de Ocoroni, the first of the mighty ridges which mount ever higher and higher to the region of labyrinthine cañons and snowy summits in the Sierra Madre. It is a beautiful picture, and arouses expectations which are not realized on entering the town. The church, though simple and inexpensive, is a model of elegant form, far surpassing anything that would be found in communities of 3,000 people in the United States. The early Spanish missionaries carried with them, and taught in enduring monuments, a fifth gospel of architectural beauty. How far they may be credited with the cultivation of artistic appreciation in other directions it were not easy to answer. That they taught the rudiments of many arts we

know, but something must be allowed to the native tendency of the Mexican Indian to express himself in æsthetic form, else it would be difficult to account for the rare modelling and wood-carving that one so often finds among the rude dwellers of the hills who have not even had the opportunity of seeing the prototypes of their own artistic creations. So strong is this tendency that one of the difficulties which the American constantly encounters in directing labor in Mexico is to prevent his carpenters, masons, and machinists from expending undue time in the refinements of detail. The Mexican reaches out after beauty as the flower does after light. He ornaments his person, and bears his finery with grace. He turns his saddle and bridle into works of art; the common *arriero's* mule-brushes are things to delight the eye by their form and color; when he fences in his cornfield he weaves patterns of beauty with his wattles twisted from post to post; he sleeps on a *petate* woven with artistic designs. The spirit demanding that his works of utility shall combine a charm for the eye extends everywhere, even to the humblest laborers. The factory and the impatient utilitarian foreigner are fast crushing out the expression of this feeling for beauty, and in the name of progress the Mexican may lay aside the arts of his childhood, and, hanging up his guitar, become songless and money-getting; or he may grasp at the culture of civilization behind the first wave of financial development that is rolling in upon his country, and find better and larger means for revealing the soul and talent that lie in him.

Eastward from Bacubirito is a maze of mountains, carved out of the western edge of the elevated plateau known as the Sierra Madre, interspersed with pleasant valleys, so deeply cut by ages of erosion that the semi-tropical climate has been carried back in long lanes from the lowlands of the coast, giving rise to the oft-repeated phenomenon of canefields and gardens luxuriant with bananas and papayas (the *melonzapote* of Mexico) surrounded by towering mountain walls leading within rifle range to pine-clad summits that invite the winter snows. In this region are mining districts still celebrated, like that of San José de Gracia, and the multitude of copper-gold veins being developed promises a revival of mining on a large scale. Through Bacubirito once passed the commerce of the great mines of Trigo, and a considerable portion of that of the world-famous mining town of Guadalupe y Calvo, as well as that of the once noted Guadalupe and San Manuel gold mines at La Cunibre de San Manuel, a district again attracting capital from England and the United States. The copper mines of Mapiri, and the gold placers of the Descubridora arroyo at the very doors of Bacubirito, are also contributing to brighten the future of this decadent foothill city.

Coming now to the question of Mexican comforts, it must be confessed that these are relative. The soft luxuries of civilization have not yet invaded the country districts. A bed in the modern sense does not exist. The wayfarer is expected here, as in Asia Minor and in northern Africa, to carry his bedding. But the good-natured, kindly ranchers will give you a snug place on the *portal* to roll up in your blankets and sleep, and, if you are suf-

ficiently gracious, they may offer a braided rawhide *tarima* (bedstead) to keep you up from the hard ground. The great wide porch, or *portal*, is healthier and no doubt cleaner than a room, but, as a special mark of favor, a *pieza* will often be placed at the stranger's service. The instincts of the Mexican are all for courtesy and hospitality. If not forthcoming, it were well to consider what you may have said or done to forfeit his goodwill, or it may be that you are suffering for the sins of some of your less considerate predecessors. The forbearance of the Mexican in the face of the rude invasion of his premises and the wholesale appropriation of his household conveniences on the part of the average American, without ever a "thank you" or "by your leave," speaks volumes for his innate courtesy and fineness of feeling.

His wife, if encouraged by a proper show of politeness, will find much more to please the palate than *tortillas* and *chile con carne*. Her culinary repertory is by no means limited, and she usually has an embroidered or a drawn-work tablecloth, and some dainty dishes, with which to add grace to the feast for a favored guest. It will not do to judge by the first impressions of a rude and somewhat unkempt Mexican ranch house. These adobe and plastered wattle walls hide unsuspected mysteries of refinement and good taste, which are reserved for the elect. The staple foods are so different from those of other countries that they often seem coarser and less palatable to a newcomer than they really are.

Until one has attained complete indifference to the deprivation of butter and light bread, and looks forward with keen interest and appetite to his next meal of *tortillas*, he is in no proper frame of mind to appreciate either Mexican cookery or travel. The next step in adaptation to his environment is taken when he becomes critical of the finer points in the production of this national bread. When he can distinguish the difference between the mellow lowland corn and the harsher mountain corn, when he knows if the corn has lain too long in the lye, or has been hurried prematurely to the *metate* for grinding, and has learned the advantage of waiting patiently for the *comal* to become sufficiently hot to properly bake the cakes, his discrimination is refined for initiation into the subtler delights of *asadera* and *requesón*, those rare cheeses in which the Mexican housewife excels. The second curds, or *requesón*, obtained by gently heating the whey from the rennet-curds, is a viand of incomparable delicacy, to which a very gracious hostess will add the harmonious flavor of quince preserves. With growing experience the traveller will learn to look for honey, which abounds on every side; for tender cheese fritters with orange syrup; for *guay-abate* and other exquisite fruit pastes; and he will long marvel that a fried egg should remain such a greasy horror in the United States, when in Mexico it is as delicate as if it had been poached. There are good cooks and bad ones in Mexico as well as at home, and those who condemn the Mexican cuisine *in toto* are usually the same who aver that the Mexican speaks a jargon instead of the Spanish language. It raises a grave doubt as to his close acquaintance with either. The overbearing manner of the average

American in Mexico, with his indiscriminate contempt for the people of every station in life, which he makes no effort to disguise, is not only humiliating, but is bad policy on the economic side. It arrays the people against us, and is responsible for a large share of that extortion which embarrasses nearly every enterprise which we establish in that republic. It is notable that Americans who affiliate cordially with the Mexicans do not suffer in this manner. We are now about to witness an attempt at the commercial conquest of Sinaloa by our people, which can be achieved with mutual good-fellowship to the eminent advantage of both if we are careful to maintain a spirit of fairness and fraternity. But Sinaloa is not California, and the brutal overwhelming of the Mexican population, which our courts and public opinion permitted there, cannot occur under the Mexican flag. The spirit and manners of the Californian pioneer will not aid in our peaceful invasion of Sinaloa, and it must be confessed that these unworthy characteristics are too much in evidence among the forerunners of that invasion.

COURTÉNAY DE KALB.

Correspondence.

THE SPANISH ARMADA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your notice of the *Geographical Journal* for May (see your issue of May 31, p. 450) you say that, "in the year immediately before the sailing of the Armada, Sir Humphrey Gilbert reported to the Queen that there were 600 Spanish fishing-boats on the coast," etc. Was it not Sir John Gilbert who made this report? Sir Humphrey was lost at sea a few years earlier (1583). HENRY F. WATERS.

MELROSE, MASS., June 1, 1906.

[In our abstract from the *Journal*, we inadvertently wrote "year" for the "years" of the text.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

Among the autumn publications of the Macmillan Co. will be 'English Literature from the Norman Conquest to Chaucer,' by Prof. William Henry Schofield of Harvard; 'The German Workman: A Study in National Efficiency,' by William Harbutt Dawson; 'Thought and Things; or, Genetic Logic,' by Prof. J. Mark Baldwin; and 'The Romantic Composers,' by Daniel Gregory Mason.

'The Religion of Nature,' by E. K. Robinson, is in the press of McClure, Phillips & Co.

The third publication of the Club for Colonial Reprints (Box 1275, Providence, R. I.) will be 'The American Village,' a poem by Philip Freneau in facsimile of the original New York edition of 1772, which only came to light four years ago. Mr. Harry Lyman Koopman will provide an introduction, and Mr. Victor Hugo Paltsits some biographical data, which will add to our knowledge of Freneau's first printers, Inslee & Carr. The volume will be em-

bellished, and but 100 copies will be printed.

Captain Mahan is directly antagonized, in a work, 'Heresies of Sea Power,' on the eve of being brought out by Longmans, Green & Co. The author is Fred. T. Jane.

The seventeenth volume of Collections of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, edited by Dr. Reuben Gold Thwaites, deals with the French régime in the territory of the upper Great Lakes (1727-1748), in strict continuation of volume sixteen, whose range was from 1634 to 1727. The documents here Englished are of the same character, and have mainly been derived from the several French archives in Paris. They graphically illustrate the efforts of the French to complete their control over the Indian tribes, endangered by the hostility of the Foxes, and to promote their great object of fur collecting and trading. It is a most valuable service to history to have rendered them accessible in our vernacular.

Dr. Thwaites's indefatigable hand reappears in the introduction and notes to the latest volume in the valuable "Early Western Travels" series of reprints (Cleveland: The Arthur H. Clark Co.). Fur still leads him on, for the two Oregon narratives here united had a not remote reference to that trade. John B. Wyeth's 'Oregon' is the humorous and vivacious "short history" of the author's partial connection with his kinsman's transcontinental adventure. In John K. Townsend's sedate and humane 'Narrative of Journey across the Rocky Mountains to the Columbia River,' in company with the elder Wyeth, the naturalist prevails, and his observations of the Indians also occupy a large and interesting space. Townsend (1833-34) was already shocked by the wanton destruction of the buffalo. In a time of thirst, "I perceived that Richardson was masticating a leaden bullet to excite the salivary glands." A similar expedient was resorted to by Melville, of the ill-fated Arctic *Jeannette* expedition, as will be remembered by readers of his grewsome relation.

Mr. James Alexander Robertson's new translation of Pigafetta's relation of 'Magellan's Voyage around the World,' published by the Arthur H. Clark Co., in two volumes, with an additional index volume, is a work of laborious and admirable scholarship which should prove of interest both to professional students of history and ethnology and to the curious reader of travellers' tales. Not content with presenting for the first time in English a complete and unabridged version of Pigafetta's narrative of the first circumnavigation of the globe—Stanley's translation for the Hakluyt Society having omitted many passages of considerable ethnological significance—Mr. Robertson has been at the pains of making a literal transcript of the oldest Italian manuscript of Pigafetta, which is preserved in the Biblioteca Ambrosiana at Milan. This he has printed, with exceptional fidelity in the matter of abbreviations, shorthand symbols and spacing, on parallel pages with the English rendering. The tone of the translation is of a simplicity that, without imitating, suggests the naiveté of Hakluyt's men. The elucidative notes are abundant, and generally satisfactory. We

have noted but two defects in this commendable undertaking—an over-subtlety of arrangement in the order of sub-entries in a highly analytical index, and the absence of the marginal notes, and even of the descriptive running-titles, which are particularly serviceable in aiding the reader of old voyages to keep his bearings as he follows a garrulous narrator through uncharted and perilous seas.

To their excellent series of "English Men of Action" the Macmillan Co. have now added 'Captain John Smith,' edited by A. G. Bradley. Within little more than two hundred small pages is condensed the variegated career of this remarkable man, whose life—even when divested of the marvellous adventures with which, most likely, his editor tricked it out to win the favor of a wonder-loving public, as Othello courted Desdemona with tales of men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders—deservedly places him among England's heroes. Mr. Bradley cheerfully accepts the three Turks' heads, the Lady Tragabigzanda, and the rescue by Pocahontas (which Smith ungratefully forgot until sixteen years after his first narrative, by which time the Princess had become a favorite at James's court); nor do we in the least find fault with him for this, for Smith without Pocahontas would be like King Arthur without the Round Table. The whole story is agreeably told, and the book in every way pleasant to read.

Mr. Morton Luce's 'Handbook to the Works of William Shakespeare' (London: George Bell & Sons; New York: The Macmillan Company) seems to be accurate in statement and sound in its literary judgments, generally speaking, yet in looking over it there are probably few to whom the thought will not occur: "How much better a book is the 'Shakespeare Primer' of Prof. Edward Dowden!"—to whom, by the way, Mr. Luce has dedicated the present work. To be sure, the 'Shakespeare Primer' needs a thorough recasting to be brought up to date—for the same author's 'Introduction to Shakespeare' does not take its place; yet, even with this drawback, which, as far as school and college use is concerned, a competent teacher can do much to remedy, Professor Dowden's book continues to hold the first place among works of its class. It combines condensation with charm of style to a degree that renders it, in a certain way, a classic. On the other hand, it cannot be said that either of these qualities is conspicuous in Mr. Luce's 'Handbook,' although the style is agreeable enough but for a slight want of logical precision in the more general discussions. About three-fourths of the 457 pages which the book contains is given up to introductions to the individual works—each introduction being divided into two sections, "Historical Particulars" and "Critical Remarks." The same division, practically, is adopted in the preliminary chapters. Apart from the appendices, the work concludes with a chapter on the Philosophy of Shakspeare and another on his Art. The author's plan leads to a good deal of repetition, which might have been avoided by a better arrangement.

Introductory matter and appendix constitute more than one-half of a very small volume, a translation from the French,

Paul Sabatier's 'Disestablishment in France' (Scribners). The author already enjoys a certain reputation with American readers; and although this book is less concerned with the past than with the present, it may well attract them. It is scarcely more than a pamphlet, however, and its chief merit is that, in its presentation of some of the facts connected with the disestablishment of the Roman Church in France, it always presents a point of view that is essentially French, if not French of the majority. Its chief defect, for those who are not among the admirers of the writer's earlier work, is, as might be anticipated, its complete failure to attain an historical point of view.

With the publication of the fourth part of Dr. Pope's 'Handbook to Tamil' (Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde), the series is complete. This fourth part comprises an 'English-Tamil Dictionary,' and may be had separately or bound with the 'Tamil-English Dictionary,' which complements it. Of the excellence of this series there is no need to say more than has already been said in connection with the three other parts. The dictionary is, of course, only a small one, intended for the use of beginners.

Amid the swarm of latter-day Dante scholars, bent upon the investigation of problems historical, geographical, astronomical, theological, or allegorical, there is one—and one of the most erudite—who never can forget that Dante, with all his science and philosophy and literary theories, was primarily a poet. Hence it is always refreshing to come upon a critique from the pen of that venerable *Dantista*, Francesco D'Ovidio. His latest contribution is a solid volume of 634 pages, 'Il Purgatorio e il suo Preludio' (Milan: Hoepli), containing a full account of the narrative of the second *cantica*, with an ample running commentary. The book will be as enlightening to the novice as it is interesting to the expert. While the author by no means neglects the symbolic aspect of the 'Commedia'—which, indeed, is less conspicuous in this part than in either of the other two—he devotes himself rather to the literal interpretation, and still more to the artistic quality of Dante's work. Repeatedly he warns us against allowing ourselves to be led by a too rigid system into the assumption of motives that may well have been remote from the poet's mind; according to D'Ovidio, the all-powerful consideration with Dante is, in every instance, the æsthetic impression to be produced. The main object, then, of this exposition is to make the reader see and feel the various phrases of beauty as the poet saw and felt them. This the author does with a responsive sympathy, a subtlety, a quick imagination which his profound and accurate scholarship has in no wise dulled. Few, if any questions are left unpounded; and many are, it would seem, definitively answered. Solution, however, is less important to D'Ovidio than speculation; cautious, suggestive, discursive, he is seldom dogmatic. The first canto of the 'Purgatorio' is examined in minute detail, and there is naturally a long discussion of Cato. Other topics that lead to amplification are the belief in a purgation after death; the difference between pagan and Christian sin, and between the punishments

of Hell and those of Purgatory; the figure of Statius, whom D'Ovidio does not regard as a real guide; the visions of the two German Matildas; and the identity of the maidenly keeper of Dante's Eden with Matilda of Hackeborn. The style, somewhat diffuse, is luminous and graceful. In spite of its size and the great difficulties that beset the subject, the book is not only an attractive but an easy one to read, and is to be commended to all students of Dante.

"The advantages which American libraries offer are, among others, these: Hours of opening extending from early morning to late evening; pleasant and inviting reading-rooms; attendants who are at the exclusive service of the readers; excellent and easily available catalogues; an arrangement of the books which is easily understood; access to the books without undue formality, even in the stack rooms; liberal rules for lending, either without any, or with easily procurable, guarantee; travelling departments; children's departments, closely connected with the schools; schools of library economy." Thus Dr. A. B. Meyer sums up the results of his observations during his visit to this country in 1899, and of his subsequent study of American library literature, in a small volume entitled 'Amerikanische Bibliotheken und ihre Bestrebungen' (Berlin: Friedländer). The chief purpose of his visit was to study the means of protection against fire, and, in general, matters relating to the erection and maintenance of buildings for the use of museums, libraries, universities, etc.; and the reports which he published on his return to Dresden, we believe, have been carefully studied by librarians and museum officials in this country, both in their original form and in the translation which was recently published by the National Museum at Washington. The new book, a pamphlet of 80 pages, is confined to libraries, as its title indicates, but covers the whole field. It is addressed to the intelligent reading public, and the author's avowed object is to spread the knowledge of American library methods among his countrymen. For the benefit of the specialist, Dr. Meyer offers a short but well selected bibliography and numerous notes, chiefly of a bibliographical nature, covering together not less than 25 pages. The volume is illustrated by a photograph of the Boston Public Library's Bates Hall, and has a good index. We have noticed a few, but only a very few, inadvertencies; for instance, on page 9 it is stated that the New York Public Library was founded by the city, and the Astor and Lenox Libraries, with the Tilden bequest, combined with it; on page 11, the paragraph about the Buffalo Public Library reads as if it had been newly founded in 1897; the Newberry Library of Chicago does not collect objects of art (p. 44); the relation between the American Library Association and the Library Bureau (p. 13) is now practically nil.

A checklist of incunabula in the Royal Library and other book collections in Berlin, prepared by Dr. Ernst Voullième, has been published as a supplement to the *Zentralblatt für Bibliothekswesen*. The Royal Library possesses 4,700, while among those in other collections 300 do not duplicate these, thus making the total number of titles in the catalogue exactly 5,000.

The majority, or 2,732, are from German presses, Italy being represented by 1,966, and all other countries together by 302; of English incunabula there are none. The arrangement is by countries, cities, and presses, with an alphabetical author-index and a list of Hain-numbers. Bibliographical details have been omitted as being unnecessary in a library checklist. They will, of course, be given in the large catalogue of incunabula in German libraries which is under preparation by a Government commission, of which Dr. Voullième is a member.

The question as to Professor Harnack's work in the University of Berlin since his appointment to the librarianship of the Royal Library has now been definitely settled. He has been excused from delivering two courses of lectures in church history, and a second professorship has been established in this department, which has been filled by the selection of Prof. Karl Holl of Tübingen, a recognized authority in Patristics and the early Christian centuries.

The German Palestine Society is bringing out three publications containing an exceptionally large amount of new material for the scholar and the investigator. The first is a "Karte der topographischen Materialien des alten Jerusalem," with letterpress by Director August Kummel of Barmen. The chart is on the scale of 1:2,500, and on two sheets of 75x100 centimetres gives in red a map of modern Jerusalem, with the remnants of ancient Jerusalem as discovered to date in black, excluding everything that is mere theory or hypothesis. The second work is an exact reproduction of the mosaic map of Palestine found in December, 1896, in Madaba, in ancient Moab, the size being one-sixth of the original. It is issued in ten sheets, with an explanatory text by Professor Guthe of Leipzig. Each lithographic stone plate has been compared with the original by Palmer, an architect of Jerusalem, and as the work, for the publication of which seventy stones are needed, passes through the press, a second comparison is made by Professor Guthe. The third publication is that of a map of the East Jordan country, prepared by Dr. Schumacher of Haifa, in ten large sheets, as a companion and supplement to the map of Western Palestine in 26 sheets, published by the British Palestine Society.

Letters have been received from Dr. Sven Hedin giving full particulars of his journey through Persia, during which he crossed the Great Salt Desert three times. He describes it as like the bottom of a big inland lake, full of salt mud, and having an absolutely level surface, with a western shore as sharply drawn as any strand line. He carefully mapped the country along his route, made panoramic views of the mountains at fifty of his sixty-eight camps, secured a great number of photographs and sketches of typical Persian figures, while his written observations fill 1,200 pages. The plague was raging at Seistan when he arrived early in April. The population of the principal town had been reduced from 2,500 to little more than 300, largely by death. In one village, containing 170 people, 150 had died, and it seemed as if nothing but a miracle could stop the spread of the disease westwards.

Siam is slowly but surely taking a place

among the civilized nations. Among the most recent reforms is the abolition of the gambling farms in the country, which is the more praiseworthy as they have been an important source of revenue. The next step contemplated is the closing of the gaming-tables in Bangkok. In order to do this, as well as to get the funds needed to establish schools, to improve the sanitary condition of the capital and to build roads into the interior, the Government is seeking a revision of the commercial treaties signed in 1855, raising the import duties on foreign merchandise from 3 to 7½ per cent. In the negotiations with the treaty Powers most valuable assistance has been rendered by Prof. Edward Strobel of Harvard University, who was appointed in 1903 General Advisor to the Government of Siam, Mr. Westengard, another Harvard man, being his assistant. "The ability and tact with which he has discharged the duties of his difficult post," says a correspondent of the London *Times*, "are recognized by all." He has gained the confidence of the King, his foreign employees, and the representatives of the great Powers. The improvement which he has assisted to bring about in the friendly intercourse of the State with these representatives "cannot be too highly praised." Germany's increasing influence in Siam is significant. She stands easily first in respect to shipping, with a fleet of thirty-nine steamers of 62,240 tons, calling at Bangkok, while the railway construction is virtually a German monopoly.

A performance of James Shirley's "The Opportunity," the first, it is believed, since the seventeenth century, was given by the members of the Aethenai and Philomathean Literary Societies of the University of Illinois on Friday evening, June 1. The stage, writes a correspondent, which was built on the south campus, was enclosed at the back and sides with green cloth, with the trees showing above. The different scenes were indicated by appropriate properties, brought in and off by young men in crimson velvet doublets, and most of the entrances and exits were made from the sides. To atone for the absence of scenery, which was hardly felt, the costumes were markedly handsome. The text used was about three-quarters the length of the original, cuts being required both by the change of taste and by the time element. The play combines romantic intrigue, based upon mistaken identity, with splendid low comedy, and, in spite of its many conventionalities, it scored a complete success. The plot was unfolded with absolute clearness, even to those unfamiliar with the story. The acting was fully up to the standard set by the performance of "Friar Bacon" last year.

—The State of Mississippi is printing its Territorial Archives (1798-1803), under the careful direction of Dunbar Rowland, director of its Department of Archives and History. The present volume i. contains all the orders, proclamations, letters and papers of the first provisional governor, Winthrop Sargent, a Boston veteran of the Revolution, and a man of high tone and upright administration as the archivist contends against the detraction of his successor's nephew. His appointment by President John Adams was opposed, because of his Northern and Eastern origin and Federalist views; both in Congress and in

the Territory he was looked upon very much as were Carpet-baggers afterwards; but he retained his home in the South and died there. His other chief troubles arose from the neighboring Indians—beggars and drunkards, as opportunity served—and to keep on good terms with them he needed an interpreter, whom he found in one Caesar, a colored man; but he, being a chattel, was forcibly taken from him at a critical moment to serve the ends of speculators desirous of entering the Indian country. Caesar he paid \$15 a month, "the highest Wages I had known to have been given to a Prime slave." Gabriel's Virginia rising in 1800 shook even the Mississippi Valley. Gov. Sargent gave warning to slaveholders and militia officers: "Almost every day adds to the number of our Slaves, and (Reasoning from the fine feelings of Man) to the number of our most inveterate Enemies also. 'Tis more than probable that in the Lapse of another year, there will be more Blacks than Whites within the Mississippi Territory. That we deprive them of the sacred Boon of Liberty is a Crime they can never forgive." The Virginian Claiborne, with whom Jefferson replaced Sargent, had increasing difficulty with the river riff-raff at Natchez as well as with Indians and negroes in liquor. His Council rejected a law to prohibit the importation of male slaves above fifteen. "Common Negro Fellows will generally Command \$500 per head," being wanted in cotton-growing, and the Territory seemed in danger of being overrun (in the Governor's words) by the "most abandoned of that unfortunate race." Claiborne needed an Indian interpreter as badly as Sargent. Portraits of both governors are given, and there is a good index.

—Mr. Worthington C. Ford's monumental edition of the 'Journals of the Continental Congress' makes commendable progress. The fifth and sixth volumes, covering the period from June 5, 1776, to the end of the year, have lately appeared. As in the earlier volumes, there is considerable new matter, other sources besides the manuscript journals being drawn upon for material. Of the Declaration of Independence, Mr. Ford gives, under date of June 28, the "first draft" and the "reported draft" in parallel columns; the former being from a manuscript in the handwriting of John Adams, already printed in Paul Leicester Ford's edition of Jefferson's writings, and the latter from the familiar manuscript in the Department of State. The changes made in Congress or committee are indicated in footnotes. A third text, that of the engrossed original in the Department of State, with the signatures, appears under date of July 4, though the document was, of course, not actually signed until later. Two forms of the Articles of Confederation are also presented: the first printed text, from a copy in John Dickinson's hand, submitted July 12, with Dickinson's queries about its provisions in footnotes; and a second printed form, under date of August 20, in parallel columns with the first. The "plan of treaties," reported July 18, follows Adams's text, with the addition of notes from a copy by James Wilson and from other sources. The final form was not agreed to until September 17. The instructions for the negotiation of a treaty with France, September 24 and October 16, are a valuable commentary on the "plan."

Of the other more elaborate papers, the most notable are the articles of war, agreed to September 20; the report, September 2, on the exchange values of current coins in Spanish milled dollars, printed from a recently discovered Jefferson manuscript in the Library of Congress; and the address to the inhabitants of America, "particularly to the inhabitants of Pennsylvania and the adjacent States," December 10, drawn from Force's "American Archives."

—A glance at the 'Journals' is enough to show how varied and complex were the matters with which Congress, at its best a loosely organized body, was called upon to deal, and how quickly the demoralizing pressure of war made itself felt. Early in June a Board of War was appointed; the exportation of salted beef, pork, and other supplies forbidden, and disloyal persons committed to the tender mercies of the States. June 17, the employment of Indians was authorized, and rewards offered for prisoners taken by them in the Indian country. The situation in Canada fills a considerable place in these volumes, as do the affairs of the northern army and the ill-concealed quarrel of Gates, Schuyler, and Arnold. The approval, July 17, of Washington's refusal to receive letters from Lord Howe, and the report of the committee which conferred with Howe in September, recall another familiar episode. The confiscation of the property of British subjects was authorized July 24, and the war carried into the enemy's camp by the offer of rewards to British and Hessian soldiers who should desert. The characteristically elaborate plan for a great seal, submitted August 20, is made the occasion for a particularly valuable note by the editor. There are numerous references to the monopolization of military supplies by individuals, and to the problem, rapidly becoming acute, of keeping full the ranks of the army. December 12 the approach of the British drove Congress, which had been in session since September 5, 1775, from Philadelphia to Baltimore, where it resumed its sittings on the 20th. The last important act of this memorable year was to confer upon Washington practically full powers for six months. The appendix to Volume VI. gives a list of the fourteen standing committees of Congress and their members; notes of debates made by Adams and Jefferson; a speech of John Witherspoon, September 5, 1776, on the message from Lord Howe, the source not stated; a continuation of the bibliographical notes on contemporary prints, following those appended to Volume III.; and an index to Volumes IV., V., and VI.

—The gaps which remain in the biography of the Stuart period are being fast filled up, and there seems to be considerable demand for expensive books on characters like Digby, Falkland, Prince Rupert, and Alexander Leslie. Among members of the royal family, Henrietta Maria long received undue neglect, especially when one considers the fact that her part in the shaping of her husband's policy forecasted the rôle of Marie Antoinette during the French Revolution. Both these women, whose lives were rendered tragic by the strifes of their adopted countries, remained alien in spirit to the best aspirations of their contemporaries and were aliens also

on the soil of their husbands' dominions. Both received from nature a slight mental equipment along with some compensating qualities in the firmness they showed under misfortune and in their willingness to undergo personal privations. Without carrying further this obvious parallel, we may say that it is suggested by the appearance in a second edition of Ida F. Taylor's 'Life of Queen Henrietta Maria' (Dutton). The materials for such a work are not only ample, but, so far as the personal history of the Queen is concerned, largely untouched. Here we shall refer only to the letters deciphered by Mr. Everett-Green—the letters of Henrietta to Charles I.—and to her correspondence with her sister, Christine of Savoy, as edited by M. Ferrero. Drawing from these sources and from the chief political records of the time, the present biography sets forth Henrietta's traits with the fulness of detail which a work in two volumes permits. On the whole the personal element is dominant, and it would be by no means impossible for a subsequent writer to sketch the Queen's career from a political standpoint without trespassing much upon the territory that has been preempted by our author. Thus, to take two examples, the dealings of Henrietta with Rome in 1640 and the development of the Army Plot are matters of much more importance in the political development of her career than they are made to seem here. On the contrary, the part of Henrietta's life which succeeds the ruin of the royalist cause is investigated with the utmost minuteness. At the time when the cause of the Stuarts in exile was at its nadir, she showed an almost incredible want of tact in managing the affairs of her own household. Perhaps her most startling blunder was the attempt to force the conversion of her son, the Duke of Gloucester, attended as it was by unmaternal harshness when he refused to enter the Catholic fold. Her relations with Digby and Jermyn likewise reveal the weaknesses which made her an impossible representative of the royalist cause. An inconclusive appendix considers the evidence regarding her marriage with Jermyn. In conclusion, we must call this work a much more finished and interesting performance than the same writer's 'Revolutionary Types.' It would be difficult to appreciate the historical position of Henrietta more succinctly than in the following words: "Unfitted by nature and training to cope with a crisis of almost unexampled difficulty, she was forced into a position she was unqualified to fill; and her errors of judgment, while almost inevitable, invited the condemnation not only of her enemies, but of those of the King's adherents who suffered for them."

—A graceful but slight book is 'The Letters of Richard Ford,' edited by R. E. Prothero (Dutton). It consists of a selection only of those letters which Ford wrote between 1830 and 1857 to his friend Henry Unwin Addington—a very brilliant man to a dull one. Mr. Prothero has woven them together with intercalated narrative, and made their setting fairly intelligible. Yet only the ghost of Ford has passed into these pages, of the writer of the Handbook, the appreciator of Velasquez, and the friend of Borrow. Some sides, it is true, come out very curiously. There is that mixture of high culture and fineness with rolistering

goodfellowhood and healthy largeness of utterance even to coarseness, characteristic of a man whose life had bridged the gap from Peninsular to early and mid-Victorian days, and whose friends had stretched from Irish half-pay majors stranded in Spain since the war, through the gradation of the mighty Borrow, to such as Lockhart and the dandies. He and his world were both broad, and the breadth of both is impressionistically suggested here. We have a touch of the Duke—*der Einzige*—of Seville, Cadiz, and the Alhambra (there Ford camped in state like Washington Irving), with muleteers, brigands, revolutionists, comic-opera consuls, and Spanish magnificos of all degrees. On one side it is plain how Ford came to know the Spanish character and Spanish situation; but, on another, it is not clear how he acquired his immense knowledge of Spanish locality and his book-learning in Spanish history and literature. It may be that the scrappiness of these letters obscures the real width of his itineraries, and, in the case of such genius as his, the book-learning is acquired in unregistered hours. But, even so, the development of the wanderer after Borrow's own heart, the friend of José Maria the king of Andalusian brigands, and the British tourist of mild æsthetic tastes, into the Quarterly Reviewer and Spanish Handbooker who flavored masses of knowledge with the pepper of his style, is at most hinted, hardly conditioned. Yet for the hint we may be thankful; Ford is Ford in these pages—what there is of them. There is a series of very charming illustrations: two portraits of Ford himself; two drawings of interiors in the Alhambra as it then was, by the first Mrs. Ford; portraits of the first and second Mrs. Ford and of Ford's mother; a Velasquez in Ford's possession, etc. They are all very well reproduced.

—To the notice of Celtic scholars may be recommended Professor Kuno Meyer's edition of the Triads of Ireland, the 'Trechend breth Fene' (literally, a triadic arrangement of the sayings of Irishmen), being the thirteenth volume of the Todd Lecture Series, Royal Irish Academy (London: Williams & Norgate). The collection has come down to us in nine MSS. dating from the 14th to the 19th century, viz., the Yellow Book of Lecan, the Book of Ballymote, and the Book of Húi Maine, 14th century; the Book of Lecan, 15th century; two paper MSS., one written in 1575, the other in 1745, and three others but lately discovered, only one of which has as yet been collated. Allowing for omissions and insertions, the text in all these MSS. is identical; they have all been used in constructing a critical text in the order of that of the Yellow Book of Lecan. The Triads appear to be divided into certain groups according to their contents. The first 61 are topographical (e. g., the three dark places of Ireland: the cave of Knowth, the cave of Slaney, the cave of Ferns, or the three rent-paying places of Ireland, Clonard, Glendalough, Louth); 149 to 172 relate to legal matters (e. g., three deposits which need not be returned: the deposits of an imbecile, a high dignity, and a fixed deposit); of the remainder the majority are general observations on men and manners (e. g., three unfortunate things for the son of a peasant: marrying

into the family of a franklin, attaching himself to the retinue of a king, consorting with thieves; three nurses of theft: a wood, a cloak, a night; three false sisters: perhaps, may be, I dare say). A few only have a local application (e. g., three things that constitute a blacksmith: Nethin's spit, the cooking hearth of the Morrigan, the Dagda's anvil). The language may, on philological and other grounds, be described as Late Old Irish (e. g., the allusion to the Viking in § 232). The editor judges that the present collection must have been made some time during the second half of the 9th century. It would be a mistake to suppose that it represents more than a small part of the numerous triads scattered throughout Early Irish literature. If they were all put together they would make a small volume, especially if they included those still current among the natives of Ireland, Gaelic and English-speaking. The popularity of the Triad as a form of literary composition among the Irish is ascribed by some to the influence of the doctrine of the Trinity on the Celtic imagination. Inasmuch, however, as Irish literature boasts not only triads but duads, tetrads, pentads, heptads, etc., Professor Meyer is inclined to prefer another explanation, and to find the model for all these enumerative sayings in those of similar character to be found in several books of the Old Testament.

THE LIFE OF LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

Lord Randolph Churchill. By Winston Spencer Churchill, M. P. In two volumes. The Macmillan Company. 1906.

For a son to write the life of his father is only a shade less difficult than for a wife to write the life of her husband. In the case of Lord Randolph Churchill, the delicacy of the task is increased by the fact that most of his contemporaries and many of his seniors are still living, and that he was eminently a fighter, a man who excited strong antagonisms, and was constantly embroiled with politicians on his own side just as much as with his opponents. These difficulties have been overcome, if not always with perfect success, yet to a far greater extent than would have been expected, in the biography which lies before us. Mr. Winston Churchill has, of course, as he was bound to do, presented his father's character and career in the most favorable light, but he does not conceal the facts, or try to give them a false color. He does not take occasion for attacks on or sneers at his father's rivals or opponents. He lets the events carry their own moral with them, while no doubt dwelling more than a perfectly impartial biographer might do upon the circumstances which justified, or excused, Lord Randolph's frequently erratic conduct, and saying less than such a biographer might say about the faults to which this erratic conduct was due. No one will blame him for this; nor does the truth of history sensibly suffer, since every one discounts a biography by a near relative just as one discounts a funeral oration. The impression given is, however, not quite the impression which history will record.

As a literary performance, the book deserves the highest praise. It is lively, vivacious, interesting from beginning to end. Readers familiar with the British Parliamentary system will, of course, understand it better and therefore enjoy it more than can those who have not lived in England or studied the singular constitutional machinery and not less singular party machinery of that peculiar country. But those, also, who do not possess that special knowledge will find the portrait of this bold, dashing, energetic personality full of fascination, and will understand the kind of hold which it took upon the rank and file of the Tory party during the ten years from 1883 to 1893.

Randolph Spencer Churchill was the second son of the Duke of Marlborough, an eminently respectable peer of moderate talents and conventional opinions, who held posts in two Conservative Administrations and in one of them was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Born in 1849 (his mother being a daughter of the third Marquis of Londonderry), educated at Eton and Oxford, he was a little too wayward and fond of amusement to distinguish himself in examinations, though he made on those who knew him the impression he had made on his own family, of possessing remarkable powers of mind. He entered the House of Commons in 1874 as member for Woodstock, a sort of "pocket borough" (standing at the gates of Blenheim Park, the Duke of Marlborough's residence), which disappeared under the Redistribution of Seats Act in 1885, after which date he transferred his services to the newly created electoral district of South Paddington, a part of London. From 1874 till 1880, his own party being in power, he took politics and Parliament pretty easily, showing his independence and his powers of speech only on some three or four occasions. When the Liberals came into office under Mr. Gladstone in 1880, his chance came. Opposition gave him opportunities, just the sort of opportunities which a bold and reckless spirit knows how to use. He sprang immediately to the front. With three other members, one of whom subsequently attained eminence and became Prime Minister (Mr. Arthur Balfour), he began a series of skirmishing operations which quickly rallied the Tory party from the depression into which the unexpected defeat at the election of 1880 had plunged it. Constantly harassing the Ministry, obstructing their measures, allying himself to any or every discontented section of the House in turn (including the Irish, of whom he was afterwards to be the formidable opponent), he inflicted so much annoyance on the majority as speedily to become the favorite champion of the more ardent, or violent, spirits in his own party.

His own nominal leader was Sir Stafford H. Northcote, an able, accomplished, and experienced man, prudent and wary, but without that love of combat which is so valuable an ingredient in the chief of a party, or an army, or a tribe, or any militant organization. Northcote's quiet and cautious strategy disgusted the militant men. Young Churchill gave them sport, and they liked him for it, and he grew to be more and more a hero among the fighting elements in the party, outside as well as inside Parliament. Mr. Gladstone was

the usual object of his attacks, and Mr. Gladstone, who in the exuberance of his strength could never resist the temptation to demolish an antagonist, brought Randolph Churchill more and more into notice by his elaborate replies to the latter's charges. At first, people hardly took seriously the "Fourth Party," as it was called, the party which consisted of these four members, two of them quite young. Randolph Churchill in particular was only a "free lance," who did not (so people thought) much signify. But presently it was seen that he had both a body of doctrine and a settled plan of operations. The doctrine was an appeal to the working class to expect from the Tory party and not from the Liberals, who had theretofore been deemed the advocates of democratic progress and social reform, the legislation they desired. The plan of operations was to popularize the party machine of the Tories and to capture it for his own purposes. The doctrine was really a development, under new conditions, of Disraeli's ideas, first delivered as far back as shortly before A. D. 1840, according to which Toryism was, by supporting and exalting the Crown, and also by appealing to the peasantry, to overcome Whiggism, the party of oligarchy and the commercial middle classes. The plan of operations was borrowed from the organization of the so-called "Birmingham Caucus," which had been built up by Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Schnadhorst on lines suggested by the organization of political parties in the United States.

Lord Randolph pressed this double scheme with immense vigor. He virtually succeeded in capturing the Tory party machine, and he became the apostle of what was called "Tory Democracy." Both as regards his doctrine and his *modus operandi* he was vehemently opposed by the ordinary Tory politicians, and especially by the Tory aristocracy, who dreaded this new democratic programme and did not wish to surrender the control they had hitherto exercised over the selection of candidates for Parliament and the framing of party programmes. However, he succeeded. He concluded an alliance with Lord Salisbury, although aristocratic doctrines and a hatred of popular methods were typically embodied in that statesman. He procured the deposition of Sir Stafford Northcote from the leadership of the Tories in the House of Commons. He became the most prominent and influential House of Commons member of the Tory Cabinet of 1885. He secured for himself the leadership of his party in the House of Commons when the Tory Cabinet of 1886 was formed after the defeat of Mr. Gladstone's first Home Rule bill, a defeat to which his passionate speeches in the country and tactical skill in the House of Commons had largely contributed. Within six years he had risen to be by far the strongest force in the then dominant Tory party, except the Prime Minister (Lord Salisbury), and his influence with the rank and file of the party was probably greater than that of the Prime Minister himself.

A rise so swift and striking had seldom been seen in English public life. Then came the fall, a fall even more sudden and startling. Being Chancellor of the Exchequer, he desired to produce a brilliant budget, and to effect economies in the pub-

lic service by reducing the charges for military and naval expenditure. The War Minister refused to reduce his estimates. The matter was discussed several times in the Cabinet, and Lord Randolph thought that he would not get his own way except by playing his last card. He seems to have believed himself indispensable, nor was he alone in that belief. He resigned office. Lord Salisbury accepted his resignation. Many people thought the Ministry would collapse. It did not collapse, but went on very much as before, quietly adopting, after a few months, some of the very economies which Churchill had fought for in vain. This happened in December, 1886. He never entered office again. During the five and a half years which followed (till the Tory Ministry fell at the general election of 1892), he generally supported the Administration he had quitted, though now and then showing his teeth and denouncing some of their acts in speeches not inferior to the best he had ever delivered before. Most people had expected him to try to overturn the Cabinet, but he never seriously tried to do so, perhaps feeling that he could not, for the failure of his resignation *coup* had shown him that his power was less than he had fancied.

The story of the steps by which he climbed and the mistake by which he fell is told with great dramatic skill in these volumes, and though the episode is only an episode, and may not have permanently affected the march of events, it is an episode of extreme dramatic interest. His chance of regaining power would have come in 1895, when the short-lived Liberal Administration of 1892 perished, and Lord Salisbury formed another Cabinet. From that Cabinet it would have been impossible to exclude him. But he had already passed away from the strife. His constitution had never been strong, and he had subjected it to terrible strains. In 1894 he succumbed to a malady of the nervous system, which had shown itself more than a year before.

In the narrative which the book gives us there are some omissions, some questions suggested to which the answer is not, and perhaps cannot, at present, be given. The materials may not be as yet fully available, because in the custody of persons unwilling to show them, or the biographer may have felt himself precluded from using some parts of what he possessed. Moreover, Lord Randolph was often impulsive, sometimes wayward, and, as his conduct was usually unpredictable, it remains in some cases unexplainable. The same boldness, verging on recklessness, which had so often brought success, brought failure when given rein once too often. Never had any statesman more conspicuously the defects of his qualities.

On those beside whom or against whom he strove, some interesting flashes of light are thrown. Lord Salisbury is, of all the leading English statesmen of the last seventy years, the one who has remained least known to people in other countries; and, apparently, he was rather inscrutable even in his own. There are some letters from him in these volumes which show great shrewdness and caution, but less epigrammatic vigor of phrase than his speeches would have led one to expect. His real feelings towards Lord Randolph are never indicated, but they cannot have been

friendly. The latter had been accepted as a necessary ally, and was got rid of so soon as he had, with surprising imprudence, given the older man the chance for which he was waiting. Some of the references to Mr. Gladstone, though slight, have also their interest. Lord Hartington comes sometimes into the story, and always with credit. Those who in this city remember Mr. Louis Jennings, who, as editor of the *New York Times*, bore an active part in the anti-Tammany campaign of 1871, will find here an account of the last phases—melancholy phases they were—of his checkered career.

Lord Randolph Churchill was not an original thinker in the sense of excogitating creative ideas. Neither was he an orator, in that sense of the term which makes it denote a man who can rouse the emotions and touch the imagination. But he was a born Parliamentarian, with an extraordinarily quick eye for a situation, extraordinary resource and boldness in dealing with it. He was a speaker good enough to be not only forcible and rousing on a platform, but also cogent and formidable in debate. But he was also much more than a mere speaker. Though he brought no general administrative experience to the first office he held, that of Secretary for India, and no financial experience to that of Chancellor of the Exchequer, he seems to have impressed the old officials of both departments as one of the ablest chiefs they had ever known. Had his official career, which extended to only twelve months in all, covered as many years, he would doubtless have made a permanent mark on British legislation. Only a very few Parliamentary reputations survive the generation that saw them in their bloom, and Lord Randolph Churchill's will not be one of those, because it is not associated with any event or measure of first-rate importance, and did not touch the deepest underlying principles of politics. But he played a part striking enough to engage the attention of the historian; and if his career had been prolonged for ten or twenty years, it might have been one of the most remarkable in the Victorian age in its permanent effects as well as in its transient brilliance.

In Quest of Light. By Goldwin Smith. Macmillan. 1906.

It is all but a century and a half since Rousseau, speaking through his Savoyard Vicar, argued—

"If I were to have no other proof of the soul's immateriality than the triumph of the wicked and the oppression of the good in this world, that alone would prevent my doubting it. So manifest a contradiction, so shocking a discord in the universal harmony, would make me seek to explain it. I should say to myself: All does not end for us with this life; at death everything returns into order."

This reasoning, which did not save 'Emile' from being burnt in Catholic Paris and Calvinistic Geneva, cannot be said to have gained strength in the meantime. Darwin has intervened, and the remorseless processes of evolution seem to leave no room for moral inferences based upon the successive stages of man's unending struggle upwards from the beast. Mr. Goldwin

Smith accepts evolution, but he still falls back on the refuge of Jean Jacques:

"Apart from our individual destiny," he says, "is it not sad to think of all the uncompensated suffering which, on the hypothesis that existence ends here, fills the pages of human history? Does death level not only the king with the beggar, but the best of men and the greatest benefactor of his kind with the worst of tyrants or assassins? If it does, can we believe in the moral government of the world? If we cannot believe in the moral government of the world, where is the sanction of morality?"

The Darwinian (who points to the equally uncompensated sufferings and misfortunes and arbitrary fates of our brute brethren) finds the required sanction in the code-building of the race. "Take," says Mr. Smith, "any product of human industry, a manufactured article, for instance; trace it back in thought to the multifarious agencies which in countries and ages widely apart have contributed to its production." Is our moral code, it may be asked, any less or otherwise "a manufactured article"? Mr. Smith himself shows us the factory at work:

"The Mosaic law, whatever may be the date of its redaction, belongs in its character to a primitive era, and for that era is a notable advance in civilization. Recognizing primitive customs, it improves on them. . . . It, however, betrays its human origin in ordaining death for witchcraft. . . . The Decalogue is very high morality for its day, as the continuance of its authority has proved, though its allusion to the Creator shows that it was not inspired by the Maker of the world."

Will the clack of the factory ever cease till a future life (if at all required) shall be humanly viewed as a recompense not alone for the good, oppressed here or cut off untimely, but for the triumphant wicked, the tyrant, and assassin, equally impotent links in the chain of heredity, and above all entitled to challenge their Creator with

"Man's forgiveness give—and take"?

Mr. Smith fears, and thinks he sees signs of, an impending "moral interregnum" consequent upon "the collapse of the traditional beliefs on which morality has hitherto largely rested." But no true evolutionist can share his alarm. With all the spread of the Darwinian doctrine saints are still carried in procession to stay the ravages of Vesuvius in eruption, and prayers may any day be put up in our churches for the breaking of a drought or the cessation of floods. Twenty-five years after the appearance of the 'Origin of Species,' we heard an eminent divine on an ocean steamer solicit contributions to the Liverpool seamen's fund in gratitude to God for a safe voyage, and the next night conduct a meeting of thanksgiving that He had spared us the worst consequences of having meanwhile struck on the coast of Ireland. Rousseau himself might quiet Mr. Smith's apprehensions. Foreseeing that he would be taxed with tending to produce a moral slump or "interregnum" by his "Profession of Faith," he affirmed it to be constructive rather than destructive, adding: "Besides, the people will always have a positive religion founded on human authority."

"Moral responsibility" plays a large part in Mr. Smith's quest of light. In the full sense of the term, he thinks it can hardly

exist "without a belief in consequences of conduct beyond the present life." "Apart from individual interest there can only be social responsibility," with insufficient control. Moral responsibility, however, would seem to have the same standing and social origin as morality itself, and to be dirigible to the same fount; backward looking rather than forward. Mr. Smith appears to find in it *ex vi termini* an evidence for a moral ruler of the universe. Again, when he says of Ingersoll's lecture on Genesis, that "he destroyed reverence as well as superstition," he gives the impression of classing reverence with moral responsibility among the evidences. He distinctly does so in the case of conscience.

"Conscience implies the existence of a deity, to whose tribunal it appeals as to that of a power which upholds righteousness and directs all in the end to good." "Conscience has proclaimed that it shall be well with those who do good, and ill with those who do evil, not only in this transitory life." "Does not every man, when he obeys his conscience against his passions or his interest, virtually express a belief in something beyond this world?" "Is [not] conscience the voice of the Power which rules our world?"

Mr. Smith does not attempt to define conscience, and even allows "that it may be true that conscience, like other parts of our nature, including the scientific faculties, is developed by an evolutionary process. This," he adds, "does not affect its authority." But its authority can, if it be a manufactured article, rise no higher than its source, and the familiar terms a perverted, debased, tender, supersensitive, even a "New England" conscience denote various stages in the evolution. The individual conscience (all else is an abstraction) is the sum of the constituents of one's sense of duty, partly inherited, partly acquired, ranging from pure self-interest to the very highest philanthropy and self-sacrifice. Its function is moral judgment in this life, not pronouncement as to the future. Mankind has never fixed its connotation, and in these pages it is weighted with an assumption that will be freely contested. Many of the most admirable consciences of the day are unattended and unsupported by any belief in a future life or in the existence of a moral governor or even maker of the universe. Mr. Darwin himself is a case in point; and he ended by saying: "But man can do his duty."

The "brotherhood of man" is another proof on which Mr. Smith rests heavily. To warrant belief in it, he holds "there must surely be some paternal and consecrating power." "Even in our respect for the sanctity of human life is there not a certain religious element? Could it exist in full force without the idea of a brotherhood of man, which seems to imply, if not a distinct belief in the fatherhood of God, something beyond mere identity of species?" It was asked of old, "How much better is a man than a sheep?" And the consciousness of human superiority to all dumb brutes has certainly determined the race in its treatment of what might, Darwinianly speaking, be called its forebears. The emergence from cannibalism has been succeeded, no doubt, by a fellow-feeling transcending the sense of "mere identity of species"; but we see on every hand proofs that this feeling can be fully satisfied by humane and disinterested en-

deavor for our contemporaries and for posterity.

There remains the expectation of a redress of the present constitution of the world—which Mr. Smith, like old Omar, would engage to improve upon—in another coveted and therefore assumed existence. Rousseau could give no assurances on this head, and our seeker after light can as little. Spiritualism, which Mr. Smith rejects as sheer imposture (presumably he would not, with a witty Frenchwoman, have one believe in ghosts rather than not in a future life)—spiritualism has never depicted conditions beyond the grave that would appeal even to a suicide. Mr. Smith, by the way, is no stickler for immortality: the idea passes his comprehension. In this he is again at one with the Savoyard Vicar: "Je crois que l'âme survit au corps assez pour le maintien de l'ordre; qui sait si c'est assez pour durer toujours?" Who indeed? But are we not as sure of the duration as of the order?

Mr. Smith's undogmatic little volume is a contribution to the literature of the "Will to Believe." It is in short chapters, mostly letters to the *New York Sun*, during the decade from January, 1896, to February, 1906. Necessarily there is much restatement of the leading ideas we have touched upon, for the letters are gently polemical. Sometimes they consist of comment also on new books.

Somerset House, Past and Present. By Raymond Needham and Alexander Webster. E. P. Dutton & Co. Pp. 344.

The present Somerset House, one of the finest public buildings of London, has also claims on us as being, in a sense, a relic of Old London. It occupies the site of one of the old palaces, places, or houses of nobles or great ecclesiastics which, in the sixteenth century, stretched along the south side of the Strand, their gardens going down to the Thames. Somerset House owes its name to the Protector Somerset, who fixed on a site whereon to build him a palace suited to his great position in the state. This was perhaps not his first choice. Our authors tell us that certain writers who have charged Somerset with the design to build on the site of Westminster Abbey, "have strained credulity to the utmost in their desire to defame the Protector." Dr. Heylin, however, in his *'Ecclesia Restaurata,'* makes the definite statement that the Protector was bought off from the design to destroy the Abbey only by the grant to his nominees of long leases of about thirty manors, including the manor of Islip. Heylin declares that the transaction so weighed upon the mind of Benson, the Dean, that he died soon after. Heylin, it is true, wrote about a hundred years after Somerset, but, as sub-dean of the Abbey, he would have access to documents to which it is but reasonable to suppose that he could appeal in support of his statements. It is not enough to allege improbabilities against these definite statements made by so weighty a writer as Heylin.

Having fixed upon the Strand site, Somerset proceeded to "convey" it to himself. He cleared it of a parish church, three episcopal residences, an Inn of Chancery, and several tenements. Next came the

question of finding building materials. Foiled in his attempts to pull down St. Margaret's, Westminster, he blew up the beautiful steeple of St. John, Clerkenwell, and destroyed a cloister and some chapels belonging to St. Paul's Cathedral. Pegge, on whom our authors rely for a vindication of Somerset's proceedings, makes this artless defence:

"Richard Sampson, Bishop of Lichfield, had relapsed into popery and avowed it in the second year of King Edward. Under such a disadvantageous claim to the royal favor, this Bishop would more placidly relinquish gratuitously a part of his possessions to the Duke of Somerset, a zealous Protestant, than hazard impending deprivation by an obstinate refusal."

Here is the defence offered for the appropriation of building materials: "Pulling down one edifice of stone towards the erection of another was the obvious and most expeditious way of obtaining materials." Nor is our authors' defence more tenable when they say that Somerset's faults were largely the faults of his time: "They tell us he was rapacious; but if we reflect that when the Church disgorged her accumulated wealth, one and all of the more powerful laymen scrambled to become rich upon the spoils, the fault in Somerset is not unpardonable." But brigandage is none the less brigandage because it is widely practised, and the simple fact is that Somerset was one of the worst of the plunderers of the Reformation.

The Protector was in residence at "Somerset Place" in 1547, but the Episcopal houses were not pulled down till 1549. The new palace could not have been carried far towards completion when Somerset fell. "The Duke of Somerset had his head cut off on Tower Hill"—so, under the date January 22, 1552, runs the cold-blooded entry in Edward the Sixth's journal, recording the violent death of his uncle. Somerset House now became a royal residence; here Queen Elizabeth sometimes stayed, and, after her, Anne of Denmark, the Queen of James I. From this royal lady the House was long known also as Denmark House. Inigo Jones was at work upon the palace under Anne, but his chief employment here seems to have been in the following reign. He built a splendid chapel for Henrietta Maria, to whom the palace, described as the finest in all England, was specially assigned. From this time till the Revolution of 1688, with the interval of the Commonwealth, Somerset House, the residence of a Catholic Queen, and its chapel were as a plague spot to Puritanism. Under the Commonwealth "a feminine tub-preacher clapped the Bible and thumped the pulpit cushions" in this chapel. In Somerset House, Cromwell lay in state after his death in Whitehall. At the Restoration, Henrietta Maria once more took up her residence here till she quitted England for France in 1665. It was in 1678 that the politicians working behind Titus Oates selected Somerset House as the supposed scene of the supposed murder of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey. Here, too, on the authority of the Doctor of Salamanca, Queen Catherine plotted to poison Charles. Catherine was desired by William III. to leave Somerset House, but she spiritedly refused to give up a house secured to her by treaty; she left England in 1692. During the reign of Anne,

residence in Somerset House, as to-day in Hampton Court, was assigned to widows and others having court interest. In 1775 a house was settled upon Queen Charlotte in lieu of Somerset House, on the condition that the latter should be devoted to public uses. The old palace was pulled down, and the present building erected by Sir William Chambers. A portion of the building was ready for occupation in 1780. Chambers's design was completed later by the erection of King's College on the east side, and of the new wing on the west.

The new Somerset House has its memories as full of interest as the old. Quarters in the new building were assigned to the Royal Academy, which held here its first exhibition in 1780. The Royal Society and the Society of Antiquaries were also located here. In Somerset House, Reynolds, in the presence of Edmund Burke and of a crowd of notabilities, delivered the last of his Discourses. Here, prior to his funeral in St. Paul's, his body lay in state. The exhibitions at Somerset House have included pictures by the greatest of the English masters. In the rooms of the Royal Society, Sir William Herschel announced the discovery of Uranus, or, as he desired to call it, Georgium Sidus, in recognition of the King's favor to the Royal Society. In Somerset House were also established many Government offices, among others the Navy Office. In his 'Handbook of London' Peter Cunningham repeats a story told him by an old clerk in the Audit Office:

"When I first came to this building, I was in the habit of seeing for many mornings a thin, spare naval officer, with only one arm, enter the vestibule at a smart step, and make direct for the Admiralty over the rough paving-stones of the quadrangle, instead of taking what others generally took and continue to take, the smooth pavement at the sides. His thin, frail figure shook at every step, and I often wondered why he chose so rough a footway; but I ceased to wonder when I heard that the thin, frail officer was no other than Lord Nelson."

The learned societies have long since migrated, and the vast building is now merely a collection of Government offices. Before the construction of the Embankment, Somerset House rose directly from the river. The Terrace, with its superb view of the City to the east, was a retired spot favorable to contemplation and perhaps to courtship. Here, "on fine afternoons in May," Herbert Spencer and George Eliot "paced backwards and forwards, for an hour or so, discussing many things." "There were reports," says Spencer, "that I was in love with her, and that we were about to be married. But neither of these reports was true."

The greatest credit must be given to our authors for the diligence shown in collecting so large a mass of material pertaining to Somerset House. Some of it, relating less to the building than to political history, might perhaps have been omitted with advantage to the book. Indeed, our authors' vehement Protestantism is somewhat too much in evidence. Reference has been made to their treatment of Somerset's misdeeds, none the less misdeeds because they were perpetrated by a pillar of Protestantism. Again, twice over (p. 49 and p. 121), we are told the very doubtful story of the penance alleged to have been imposed by her confessor on Henrietta Maria—a journey, perhaps bare-

foot, to Tyburn, her confessor riding in a coach by her side to the fatal spot, where prayers were made for the souls of Catholics who had died there. There is not a word about Bassompierre's denial of the charge: "Je sçay assurément, messieurs, que vous ne croyez pas ce que vous publiez aux autres pour leur faire croire . . . l'on a trouvé ou forgé cecy hors de toute apparence et vérification." Bassompierre could hardly have told the King's Commissioners that they knew quite well that they did not believe the story if there had been any truth in it.

The book is copiously illustrated. It ought to be a rule to indicate the originals of illustrations. This is not always done in the present case. Three or four illustrations and the matter of two appendices are borrowed without acknowledgment from Pegge's 'Curialia.'

Species and Varieties, Their Origin by Mutation. By Hugo DeVries, Professor of Botany in the University of Amsterdam. Second Edition. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co. 1906.

Biological science had scarcely settled down to a general acceptance of the fact of evolution before it was divided into hostile camps on the question of method, and it is sometimes reproached with being further removed from unanimity on the general problems of evolution to-day than during the lifetime of Darwin. The fact must be admitted, but not as a reproach; for this diversity of interpretation is merely an index of the varied character of the data and methods of the current researches in evolutionary theory.

The cornerstone of Darwinian evolution is, of course, natural variability; and the great demand of Darwin's time for a "consistent theory of variation" has not yet been satisfactorily met by field observations, statistical studies or microscopical investigations upon the structure of the germinal protoplasm. That the subject must be attacked experimentally is now generally recognized. Long before the Carnegie Institution established its permanent station for the study of experimental evolution on Long Island, private enterprise had carried on various lines of breeding experiments with these problems in mind. One of the most important of these series of experiments, both in the length of time which they cover and in the exactness of their scientific method, is the work of Hugo DeVries at Amsterdam. DeVries has won general admiration for the precision of his experiments and the insight shown in their interpretation. Thanks partly to his two recent visits to this country, not only his work, but his charming personality as well, is widely known in America; and now his face may become familiar from the new portrait frontispiece to the volume under review. These lectures on the origin of species by mutation were originally delivered at the University of California during the summer of 1904, and were published the winter following. After the lapse of scarcely more than a year a second edition is called for.

There has been some misunderstanding regarding the relation of DeVries's conception of mutation to natural selection

and other recognized evolutionary factors, so that it is well to quote a few words bearing on this point from the preface:

"My work claims to be in full accord with the principles laid down by Darwin, and to give a thorough and sharp analysis of some of the ideas of variability, inheritance, selection, and mutation which were necessarily vague at his time. It is only just to state that Darwin established so broad a basis for scientific research upon these subjects that, after half a century, many problems of major interest remain to be taken up. The work now demanding our attention is manifestly that of the experimental observation and control of the origin of species. The principal object of these lectures is to secure a more general appreciation of this kind of work."

The most important result of DeVries's experiments is the analysis of variations into two groups. The first are ordinary bodily variations, generally small in amount, and not appearing in the germ cells. These are termed *fluctuations*, and can play a relatively small part in the evolution of species because they are but slightly, if at all, hereditary. The second group comprises more pronounced deviations from the specific type, which affect the germ-plasm and therefore are transmitted undiminished to successive generations of offspring. These are termed *mutations*. Since they generally appear abruptly and fully formed as "sports," it follows that the evolutionary process is in general discontinuous; species being produced in a fully differentiated form, and not gradually by very small variations (fluctuations), as Darwin assumed to be the rule. Not all species in a state of nature are producing mutations; some are apparently in stable equilibrium, but others, such as the now classic evening primroses, are actively mutating in a great variety of different directions. Natural selection acts upon the potential species thus produced, and only those whose new features are advantageous survive.

DeVries here and in his larger work, 'Die Mutationstheorie,' conclusively demonstrates that in the plant species under investigation new varieties and species are actually produced abruptly by mutation, and he assumes that this is the general method of organic evolution. This latter point, however, is not lightly to be taken for granted. It by no means follows, for example, that species formation takes place in the same way in the higher animals, and from a very careful analysis of the geographical range and other characteristics of certain wild North American mammals Dr. C. Hart Merriam has expressed the conclusion (in the Vice-Presidential Address before the American Association for the Advancement of Science at New Orleans last January) that mutation is not an important factor in these cases. On the other hand, it is very probable that in the mental evolution of the higher animals mutation is a factor of great importance. Automatic actions, originally conscious, but stereotyped by long repetition in the individual, are not likely to be capable of transmission to a second generation; but, as is well known, there is a large class of instinctive actions which are innate and do not require practice for their performance. The physical organization for these actions is transmissible, and this organization is undoubtedly sub-

ject to mutation. If it be granted that new instincts may arise abruptly in this way in a state of efficiency without the necessity of the assumption of a gradual perfecting process through infinitesimal gradations, many questions of comparative psychology become greatly simplified. Psychologists of the genetic school will rank the doctrine of mutation along with organic selection (of Baldwin, Morgan, and Osborn) as one of the most important of the recent biological contributions to the problems of the origin and development of mind both in the lower animals and in human society.

Great Japan: A Study in National Efficiency. By Albert Stead. John Lane Co. 1905.

Is this book a prod to British inefficiency, or a genuine investigation into the reality of Japanese progress? The burden of Lord Rosebery's "forward" is that party politics in Britain spell inefficiency. "Inevitable as the fog," they keep out of employment a great mass of precious ability. "Party means the rule of the . . . few fit, the accidentally not fit, and the glaringly unfit." As for Mr. Stead's scrap-book itself—for scrapbook it is—it is rich in long excerpts that seem, on their face, to have been furnished at the Japanese Legation in London, or duly culled from the works of Japanese, who are past masters in the art of putting the best foot forward, and is a treasure-house of information. There is a generous table of contents, and an excellent index to nearly half a thousand pages of text. Twenty chapters treat of the nation's head, patriotism, Bushido, ancestor-worship, true religious freedom, the simple life, education the foundation of the nation, socialism, humane war, the position of woman, Japan as the pioneer of internationalism, etc., etc. The burden of the text is "Great Japan," the language almost unbroken panegyric. Two-thirds of the pages are filled with official utterances and arguments of Japanese writers, skilful not only in the use of words, but of our own delusive phrases. The thesis advanced is, that the Japanese are the happiest, healthiest, most efficient, and broadest-minded people in the world. We are led, by implication all along and by frequent direct statement, to believe that for "twenty-five hundred years" this has been so, that ancestor-worship is the cause of Japan's amazing efficiency in war and peace, that "these influences" of "self-sufficiency and pureness of blood" (p. 2) "are as strong as ever they were, and have not been affected by the adoption of Western ideas," etc.

No critical scholar, however, as we have often had occasion to point out, believes that the Japanese are an old nation. They have nothing worth the name of history of events and persons (though they have data for a study of institutions) before the fifth century. There was no such thing as genuine ancestor-worship in prehistoric Japan; nor any, except as North American Indians or the early autochthonous nations had it. Formulated, real ancestor worship was borrowed from China. The 'Kojiki' does not reveal family life in any but a very rudimentary state of evolution. Mr. Stead says the Emperor is "believed to be descended

from the Sun." So was Tecumseh. Repeatedly we have the mythical statement of "the gift of the Constitution by the Emperor," with not a word said of the twenty-one years' fierce struggle of parties from 1868 to 1889, the bloody insurrections, or the loss of eminent statesmen by assassination. In fact, Mr. Stead has been attacked by that peculiar malady of Japanitis which sets all the charming and delightful facts in the foreground, and suppresses the disagreeable but vital realities underneath.

To talk, as Mr. Stead does continually, about this "pure-blooded people, with no admixture of race, certainly not similar to that resulting from the invasions of the Anglo-Saxons or the Normans into Great Britain," is nonsense. The Ainu, the straight-eyed people with un-Mongolian full beards, speaking an Aryan language, once lived and roamed over the whole of the main island, and the story of their subduing and assimilation is known; while the names of mountain and rivers are still Ainu. The Malays and Negritos filled the southern islands. The Yamato race from Tartary—their traditions reflecting the river-valley life in Manchuria and their decision in council of "gods" or chiefs to emigrate—the three distinct cycles of tradition in the 'Kojiki' telling of many migrations, form but another close parallel to the peopling of Great Britain, and prove the Japanese a highly mixed people, who had no real nationality until near the tenth century, and then only after four hundred years of known military activity and conquest. In fact, there could have been no nation, such as we see to-day, except for outward alien pressure and inward alien teachings. The Japanese of forty years ago had hardly a practical conception of "Japan." It was Kaga, Satsuma, Aizu—the clan—not Japan. "Bushido" is, as conceived by foreigners, largely a modern idealization, in sunset clouds of memory, of military customs followed by the Samurai, who constituted but one-tenth of Japan. To say that, in 1871, Bushido was "at hand," is to leave out the teaching for ten years previous of the great teachers from America, who from 1859 drilled their pupils in American notions and in Arndt's poem, "Where is the German Fatherland?" The work of "adapting Bushido to the needs of Japan" means actually incorporating into the minds of tender youth, during a generation or more of public schools, both the ideas and the ideals born in Europe and America, at first by foreign teachers and then by natives. "The social evil is far less than it was" (p. 40). Of course it is, since Christian sentiment in the Diet secured a law which the Salvation Army, in spite of the brutal violence of opposing Japanese, murderous and church-burning Tokio toughs, got enforced, freeing over 12,000 women enslaved in vice against their will.

The chapter on "True Religious Freedom" is almost wholly a mosaic of quotations, chiefly from living Government officials of the constitutional era (and from one called "a Japanese writer," who is an American), and tells just how liberal the provisions of the Constitution of 1889 are. Yet we are left in ignorance of the crucial question, Does Japan grant "true religious freedom" to the native scholar who in-

quires into the origins of Mikadoism, or who shows how primitive Shinto was deliberately and officially turned into a political engine? How heavily must one discount Japan's boasted intellectual freedom when he recalls the deposition of a professor for dissecting official orthodoxy concerning Shinto tradition, and sees, even in October, 1905, a university professor put out of his chair because of his criticisms of the Portsmouth treaty—that is, of the theocratic ruler and of his divine ancestors. Of course, the Japanese Government, in alliance with Great Britain, freely permits Christianity, but that is not the point. How can there be genuine freedom when (p. 10) concerning the representative of Heaven and of the gods, the "imperial ancestors," the Tenno (Heaven King), one must keep silence or be persecuted? Hear how Marquis Ito, "the framer of the Constitution" and the commentator thereon, lays down the law: "The Emperor is Heaven-descended, divine, and sacred. . . . He shall not be made a topic of derogatory comment nor one of discussion."

Viewed as a manual of plausible and often valuable information, the book is a welcome addition to the library on Japan; but to take Mr. Stead's statements on their face value is to accept a fabric of delusion.

Gregory the Great: His Place in History and Thought. By F. Homes Dudden, B.D., Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford. 2 vols. Longmans, Green & Co. 1905.

Mr. Dudden's 'Gregory the Great' is the first noteworthy attempt to place before English readers a comprehensive account of the life and work of the great pope whose name is so closely associated with the beginnings of Anglo-Saxon Christianity. It is an ambitious undertaking for so new a member of the guild of historians, for Gregory's career, more than that of almost any other pope, led him into an immense variety of relations, involving, for their due understanding, the widest knowledge of the times. As civil administrator of the City of Rome under the Empire, as monk and founder of monasteries, as resident ambassador of the Papacy at Constantinople, as Pope extending his influence throughout and beyond the Romanized world, finally as preacher and theologian, Gregory developed an activity such as few public men in any age have ever displayed. To grasp all these aspects of his personality and his work would be the problem of a lifetime as long as his own, and the present book is, apparently the firstling of its author's historical and theological studies.

With this limitation in mind, we may say at once that Mr. Dudden has made a valuable contribution to historical literature. He divides his work into three books, treating respectively of Gregory's life before he became Pope, of his pontificate, and of his theology. Of Gregory's apparently complex personality Mr. Dudden has, we think, a view quite in accord with the facts, equally removed from extravagant laudation and petty criticism. He sees in him the earliest illustration of that strange compound of hard sense with intellectual distrust of the senses, to which we give the convenient label of "the mediæval man." He has his doubts whether Gregory was quite up to the standard of "sainthood," though

he wisely refrains from a definition of that standard, but he fully appreciates his extraordinary executive capacity and energy. Only in a few brief summaries does he attempt any formal analysis of Gregory's character as a whole, but rather lets his narrative tell its own story of personality. For example: no study of the mediæval man can be adequate which does not in some way explain his relation to the world of miracle. It is not enough to say, as Mr. Dudden does, that Gregory, like every one in his day, lived and moved in this fictitious world. Miracle was not only a mysterious power over everyday minds; it was an instrument in the hands of men who knew how and when to use it. There is a subtle humor, for instance, in Gregory's dealings with the subject of relics. He made no scruple of bringing home some very valuable ones, from the East; but when an empress dared to express a desire for some of the precious treasures of the Roman shrines, Gregory's pen can hardly fly fast enough to tell the awful consequences of even approaching so potent charms as these. All this does not touch Mr. Dudden's sense of humor in the least, but we may be tolerably sure that whatever stood for that quality in Gregory's eminently practical make-up was all alive at such moments. When Gregory solemnly reports that, during the reconsecration of an Arian church, the crowd were suddenly aware of a pig running about among their feet, and making for the door, a prodigy granted "by the Divine Mercy, that all men might clearly know that the foul inhabitant was departing from the place," Mr. Dudden, with equal solemnity, adds a note: "Those who have been in a great crowd in a Roman church, and know how the children manage to squeeze themselves through it, will be able, perhaps, to make a shrewd guess at the real cause of the phenomenon here reported."

It is surely not asking too much of a modern historical student, fresh from his school, that he should give the most ample and critical account of his sources. This, Mr. Dudden nowhere does. His statement of authorities occupies less than six pages. Chief among them are, of course, the more than eight hundred letters of Gregory himself, and their chronology is a matter of the most vital importance to their use. It is mere shiftlessness, therefore, to say, "All that needs to be said on that question has been said already by Ewald"—without giving us a word as to what that is. It is not enough to say, "Paul the Deacon, son of Warnefrid, compiled the short *Vita Gregorii Magni*"—we ought to know in a work of this magnitude the substance of all that critical scholarship has to tell about such a man as Paulus, if we are to estimate aright his treatment of Gregory. Mr. Dudden has got beyond the stage of invoking "a distinguished German *savant*," but he is still capable of quoting an "Italian" and a "German" opinion, and of grouping his authorities as "English" and "foreign." His style affects the grand manner. He cannot resist temptations to be picturesque, and is fond of imagining the places and the people that Gregory "must have" seen and heard. His stage-pictures, it must be added, are based upon wide and sound reading, but one cannot help re-

greeting the amount of space sacrificed to these literary decorations, and thus taken from what might have been given to a more complete and orderly account of sources and methods.

This criticism applies, however, hardly at all to the last book, that on Gregory's theology. Here the style becomes direct and simple, so that one feels that herein lies the author's real strength. His estimate of Gregory's contribution to theology as the systematizer and popularizer of Augustinian thought seems eminently sound. Here as elsewhere he shows us the great bishop as an organizing talent, not a speculative genius, but rather the mediator of others' thought to the needs of every-day humanity. The age of original thinkers was past and the great reconstruction of the scholastic period was not yet ready. Gregory's mission was one of adaptation rather than of controversy, and he fulfilled it in doctrine as in practice with the materials at hand. Mr. Dudden has succeeded in bringing out in clear relief the truly constructive aspects of his work, and in leaving on the reader's mind an adequate impression of one of the greatest of Christian prelates.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

A Century of Bibles. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.
 Anthology of French Poetry. Compiled by Frederick Lawton. Macmillan Co. 60 cents.
 Audubon, John W. Audubon's Western Journal: 1849-1850. Cleveland: Arthur H. Clark Co.
 Barbara. The Garden, You, and I. Macmillan Co.
 Barbour, A. Maynard. Breakers Ahead. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
 Bazán, Emilia Pardo. The Mystery of the Lost Dauphin. Translated by Annabel H. Seeger. Funk & Wagnalls Co. \$1.50.
 Benson, A. C. Walter Pater. Macmillan Co. 75 cents net.
 Betts, George Herbert. The Mind and Its Education. Appleton.
 Book of Common Worship. Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Publication.
 Boothby, Guy. The Race of Life. F. M. Buckles & Co. \$1.50.
 Boxall, George E. The Anglo-Saxon. A. Wessels Co. \$1.25.

Constantinople. Painted by Warwick Goble. Described by Alexander Van Millingen. Macmillan Co. \$6.
 Early Western Travels. Edited by Reuben G. Thwaites. Travels in the Interior of North America by Maximilian, Prince of Wied. Vol. I. Cleveland, O.: Arthur H. Clark Co.
 Ecclesiastical Records of the State of New York. Vols. V. and VI. Albany: J. B. Lyon Co.
 Elson, Henry William. School History of the United States. Macmillan Co.
 Euripides' Alcestis. Translated by H. Kynaston. Henry Frowde.
 Flash, Henry Lynden. Poems. Neale Publishing Co.
 Foley, James W. Songs of Schooldays. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.25 net.
 Fordham, Elias Pym. Personal Narrative, 1817-1818. Cleveland: Arthur H. Clark Co.
 Foadick, Lucian J. The French Blood in America. Fleming H. Revell Co. \$2 net.
 France, Anatole. The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard. Translated by Lafcadio Hearn. Harpers. \$1.25.
 Franklin, Benjamin. The Writings of. Edited by Albert H. Smyth. Vol. VII. Macmillan.
 Gillin, John Lewis. The Duncers: A Sociological Interpretation. Columbia University.
 Harwood, W. S. The New Earth. Macmillan Co. \$1.75 net.
 Haynes, George H. The Election of Senators. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.50 net.
 Heroes of Discovery in America. Philadelphia: Lippincott. \$1.25 net.
 Holley, Marietta. Samantha vs. Josiah. Funk & Wagnalls Co. \$1.50.
 Journals of the Continental Congress, 1774-1789. Edited by Worthington C. Ford. Vol. VI.: 1776. Washington, D. C.
 Joutel's Journal of La Salle's Last Voyage, 1684-7. New edition edited by Henry Reed Stiles. Albany: Joseph McDonough. \$5 net.
 Kelley, Gwendolyn D., and George P. Upton. Edouard Remenyi. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
 Labiche, Eugène. La Grammaire. Edited by Moritz Levi. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 25 cents.
 La Grasserie, Raoul de. De la Catégorie du Genre. Paris: Ernest Leroux.
 Lectures on the Method of Science. Edited by T. B. Strong. Henry Frowde. 7s. 6d. net.
 Lincoln, Joseph C. Mr. Pratt. A. S. Barnes & Co.
 Longinus on the Sublime. Translated by A. O. Prickard. Henry Frowde. 3s. 6d. net.
 Lord Curzon in India. With an Introduction by Thomas Raleigh. Macmillan Co. \$4.
 Lucan's Pharsalia. Translated by Sir Edward Ridley. Second edition. Longmans. \$4.50.
 Luce, Morton. A Handbook to the Works of Shakespeare. Macmillan Co. \$1.75.
 Mark Twain's Library of Humor: The Primrose Way. Harpers. \$1.50.
 Mathieson, William Law. Scotland and the Union. Macmillan Co. \$3.25.
 McAdoo, William. Guarding a Great City. Harpers. \$2 net.
 McKim, Randolph H. The Problem of the Pentateuch. Longmans. \$1 net.
 Medea and Hippolytus. With introductions and translations by Sydney Waterlow. Putnams. \$1.
 Metcalf, Francis. Side-Show Studies. The Outing Publishing Co. \$1.25.
 Modern Love; An Anthology. Mitchell Kennerley. \$1 net.

Mowry, William A. and Blanche S. Essentials of United States History. Silver, Burdett & Co. 90 cents.
 Münsterberg, Hugo. Science and Idealism. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 85 cents net.
 Nevinston, Henry W. A Modern Slavery. Harpers. \$2 net.
 Orcey, Baroness. A Son of the People. Putnams. \$1.50.
 Parsons, H. de B. The Disposal of Municipal Refuse. John Wiley & Sons.
 Partridge, William Ordway. The Czar's Gift: Funk & Wagnalls Co. 40 cents net.
 Pittman, Philip. European Settlements on the Mississippi. Cleveland: Arthur H. Clark Co.
 Rosenau, William. Jewish Biblical Commentators. Baltimore: The Friedenwald Co.
 Rosenthal, Hermann. Spätherbstnebel. Stuttgart.
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